

Christian Herald

DECEMBER • 1952



PICTURE OF AN EMPTY CHURCH



EVERY seat in the Bowery Mission is filled on Christmas Day—not once, but many times.

But even filled to capacity, the chapel is empty. The men hunched deep in the pews are in mind far distant from the Bowery. The fragrance of evergreen, the sight of the brightly-trimmed tree, the singing of Christmas carols, the hearing of the ageless story of a Babe in a manger, the warm friendliness—these have caught up their memories.

... The men of the loneliest street in the world are boys again, hurrying down the stairs on Christmas morning, standing wide-eyed while their parents watch affectionately and dream proudly of the heights to which their sons shall climb. ... Instead of climbing, they slipped and fell, and here they sit with others in the Bowery Mission on Christmas Day.

... They are husbands again, remembering the happiness in the eyes of a wife, as the two of them celebrate their first Christmas together and plan excitedly for the future. ... Neither of them suspected that the gutters and chill winds and despair of the Bowery lay in that future.

... They are fathers again, feeling the pressure of a small hand in theirs, the moist touch of a childish kiss upon a cheek that is now unshaved and begrimed.

Yes, it is an empty church, for each man is captured by memories. He evades them on other days of the year. But on Christmas Day he cannot shut them out. On Christmas Day in the chapel of the Bowery Mission, a lonely man is not far from the Kingdom, not far from redemption, not far from courage and decency. In those sacred moments, the Mission staff tell him about the God able to make of him what he cannot make of himself.

YOU enable the Bowery Mission to give lasting meaning to Christmas. By helping to provide the Christmas dinners with "fixings like Mother used to make"—the gifts distributed around the tree—the clean beds—you prove to homeless men that they are not forgotten. YOU help them to remember.

Your gift-wrapped parcel and your contribution toward the dinners mean so much to men who have only a small spark of courage left. Your help may change a life.

\$25 will provide Christmas dinners for more than 30 men.

\$15 will furnish clean beds in one dormitory on Christmas night.

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If you do not wish to mar cover—
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Business Office: 27 East 39th Street

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☐ I am putting a homeless man on my shopping list for warm gloves, a shirt, heavy socks, a suit of underwear or something else to help see him through the winter, and am sending it separately.

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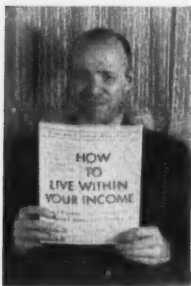
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All in the Family

Judging by the title of the opus being read, the gentleman in the picture could be almost anyone. So happens, however, that he's Cedric Larson (*Singing He Goes*, p. 19). A commuter between his home in Levittown, N. Y., and his office in Manhattan, he has it figured out that the 30 miles each way on the belabored Long Island Railroad add up to some 20,000 miles a year. When not train riding or trying to make both ends meet, he is busy with affairs of the year-old Parkway Community Church where his wife is organist, where they are both charter members, and where Layman Larson preached on Layman's Sunday.



A truce among scrapping denominations is one of the fervent hopes of Dr. Bob Jones, Jr., president of the university named for his father, and preacher of the month in the CHRISTIAN HERALD pulpit (*Christmas Means God With Us*, p. 27). Reminding him of the "Christian spirit that some of our brethren show," is an incident from the Jones hearthstone. When daughter Joy was four, her grandmother told her one day when she was bad, "I don't know what's the matter with you!" Jon, a year older, offered sagely, "The trouble with her is that's she's not a Christian." Joy indignantly snapped, "You can't say that I'm not a Christian"—and hauled off and let him have it.

Butter and Mischief unequivocally refused to pose. They're the two cats, important members, as cats go, of the Jane Kirk family. Holly, 6½, and Nat, 10, were



snatched out of circulation long enough to hold still for the 25th of a second it takes a camera shutter to open and close. Jane Kirk as you know is the ingenious lady who passes along all those sparkling ideas that you find in *Woman's Place in the Church* (p. 32). "It seems I'm always running into long-time readers of CHRISTIAN HERALD," she reports. "On the beach in Clearwater, Fla., I met a

Christian Herald

A FAMILY MAGAZINE, independent and interdenominational . . . dedicated to the promotion of evangelical Christianity, church unity, religious and racial understanding, world peace, the solving of the liquor problem, the service of the needy at home and abroad, and to cooperation with all who seek the establishment of a more Christian world.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

woman engrossed in its pages. When I traced my family tree to the farm near Marshalltown, Iowa, where my Quaker great-grandfather staked out his homestead, the new owners welcomed me in, and what should I see in the bookcase but a stack of CHRISTIAN HERALDS several years high." Her *Woman's Place* gems are to be published as a book, come spring.

An earthquake greeted Jerome Kearful and his wife (*Taximen's Crusade*, p. 28) a few days after they moved to California's Mojave Desert from Washington, D.C. (where the only earthquakes are verbal ones). "I want to assure you that a mere human feels awfully small and weak when the very earth beneath him starts shaking and rocking." We'll take his word.

With as neat a bit of nonchalance as we've seen in years, Ben Funk (*He Cheated Death to Serve His Fellow Men*, p. 63) says, "I started magazine writing as a sideline with a story for *Reader's Digest*." Lest budding writers drop everything and rush for the nearest postage stamp, we hasten to add that sideline! Funk had previously cut his journalistic teeth in Oklahoma. He has been with the Associated Press since 1937, and in their Miami bureau since 1950. Further evidence of his "sideline" instinct: Once he was caught in a Colorado forest fire while covering it for AP. He came out not only with an unsinged scalp and his story, but also a play-by-play account of how it feels to be trapped—which he sold.

Under glass in the Florida Authors' room of the big, new Miami Public Library during one recent month was a display of Plumbiana. Scrapbooks of published stories, articles and poems, pristine copies of books, gloomy rejection slips, bright acceptance letters—from soup to nuts—had to do with the life and literary loves of our own Beatrice Plumb (*My Star in the East*, p. 17).

Next month: Ruth C. Ikerman passes along her secret for making the most of a brand-new year, in *My Monday Mornings with God*. . . . Albert Q. Maisel restores your flagging faith in human nature with his absorbing story, *No Locks in This Prison*. . . . Daisy Ellen Douglas, disturbed by misgivings of non-missionary minded church people, had a chance to see for herself; *I Followed My Missionary Dollar* reveals her findings. . . . We stand out of range of both rocks and roses and report the returns on our recent poll of *The Hymns You Love Best*.

In addition, there's a Building and Equipment section jammed tight with the know-why and know-how for making yours a better church in '53. Shining inspiration: Glenn Asquith's *Once in a Lifetime*. . . . somber warning: *Watch Out for Fire This Winter!* . . . solid information, *What About Radiant Heating?* Don't miss it!

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DR. POLING



answers your questions

Admission of DP's

● *It is charged repeatedly that Catholic influence results in bringing Catholic Displaced Persons to this country and that Protestants are unable to secure favorable consideration. Do you know or believe this to be the case?*

L. P.

I am happy to tell you, as of my own knowledge, that many Protestant Displaced Persons received, and are now receiving, an open door of welcome to our country. I have one friend, a distinguished Lutheran layman of wealth, who has personally sponsored more than three hundred persons from the Baltic States. Just now, the new Administration Bill is being severely criticized, because, it is charged, it discriminates against certain groups and nationalities—Catholics and Jews included.

Modern Parenthood

● *Recently I heard a young mother curse her tiny baby for crying. Is this a characteristic of the present generation of mothers? Is it a trend in modern parenthood?*

INDIANA

R. D. W.

Always there have been mothers like the one described in this question. But the young mothers I know well are generally reverent and indeed quite exceptional, giving religious instruction and setting a religious example for their children. Also there has never been a generation in which there have been more materials available to parents for the religious guidance of their sons and daughters. Today I find a decided "back to faith" trend—perhaps I should write "forward to faith"—in the American home.

Pastors Can't Be "Soloists"

● *We have a wonderful pastor, a marvelous preacher. But he is completely indifferent to the overall program of the church. He is so sensitive that if his officials try to discuss such a*

program with him he takes it as a personal criticism and "can't sleep after any meeting with the elders." What are we to do?

MONTANA

B. D.

You have a very difficult situation, indeed. You love your pastor and he is apparently a lovable, gracious, brilliant personality. It is altogether possible that he needs to have a face-to-face, head-on, utterly frank conference with his elders. If you have fairly described him, and your letter impresses me as being forthright and honest, he spends too much time thinking about himself and too little time thinking about his congregation and the overall program of his church. In such a case there is only one cure and frankness is the first heavy dose of the medicine. A pastor can't afford to be at all times and exclusively a "soloist," and, of course, a church can't afford to have a pastor who is.

TV

● *Some of my friends think it wrong to look at TV.*

E. N.

I disagree. As to what you look at on the screen, you have the right to choose. But I find myself definitely deciding against a majority of the programs available!

Role of Godparents

● *Just what obligations do Godparents assume when they stand with parents at christenings or baptisms? Are the obligations entirely spiritual?*

MARYLAND

G. S. B.

The obligations assumed are, of course, for the Godparents to solemnly decide. They may be entirely spiritual or they may include, and in many instances do, continuing responsibilities for the temporal as well as the spiritual well-being of the infant. There have been cases (death of parents) where the Godparents have assumed full responsibility for the child, even to the point of legal adoption.

Should Churches Stand Fast?

● *Do you think that churches should close because community surroundings and conditions change? Do you think a change of location might make a difference?*

NEW YORK

F.N.J.

Always I have taken the position that wherever a church is closed in one place, a church should be opened in another location. Always, too, it has been my conviction that instead of removing to new locations, churches should adapt their programs to changed conditions and remain where they are. Certainly there will be exceptions to this rule, but for me at least, the rule still stands.

Jesus' Brothers and Sisters

● *Did Jesus have any brothers and sisters?*

OREGON

B. A. I.

Matthew 13:55 and 56 state specifically that Jesus had brothers and sisters. His four brothers are named. Mark 6:3 has the same information.

New Head of Chaplains

● *Of what religious faith is Chaplain Ivan L. Bennett, the new Chief of Army Chaplains?*

ARKANSAS

A. W.

Chaplain (Major General) Ivan L. Bennett is a member of the Southern Baptist Church.

Attendance of Mass

● *Can a non-Catholic attend High Mass, and, if so, under what circumstances?*

ARKANSAS

A. W.

Under any and all circumstances a Protestant, or any other person not of the Catholic Church, can attend High Mass or any other mass.

Editor's Note:

I have received the following anonymous letter: "While in the armed forces I had an allowance made to my mother. After I came out she told me her wants were few and she did not use it. She has gone to her reward and I feel the money is not mine. I am sending it to you as I know you have had experience and will know where it will do the most good."

Enclosed in the letter were six \$20 bills. I have placed this money in the hands of Mr. Carroll M. Wright to be used in support of the Memorial Home Community for aged religious workers and their wives, at Penney Farms in Florida. The letter is, to me, deeply moving in its transparent honesty. "Thank you" to this unknown friend.

CHRISTIAN HERALD



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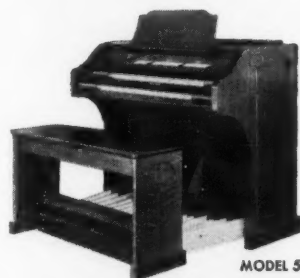
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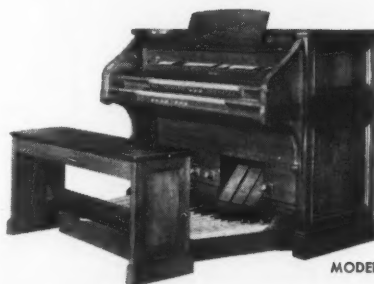
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5



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Department C-12

**Woman's Division of Christian Service
(of The Board of Missions and Church
Extension of The Methodist Church)**
150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

The Rev. Hilbert H. Peters aids an 11-year-old spastic who is learning to use his legs with the help of a walker. Sickroom equipment such as this is provided by Mr. Peters' "loan service."



He Found a Way to Help

By BETTY LANE

A BLIND MAN, groping his way across a park one morning in the little river town of Tell City, Indiana, fell and broke his hip. Soon after he had been carried to his house, there was a knock at the door. The visitor was weighted down with the separate pieces of a hospital bed. Within a few minutes the bed had been put together, and the man was resting comfortably.

The injured man was grateful for the speedy and unusual service, but not surprised. He knew that the bed had been loaned to him—for as long as he would need it—by a local church organization, headed by an energetic, far-seeing young minister.

The Rev. Hilbert H. Peters, husky pastor of the First Evangelical and Reformed church of Tell City, with the help of a church-citizen group, has created a loan service of all types of sickroom equipment—walkers, crutches, beds, and other sorely and temporarily needed sickroom supplies. In one year, 550 persons in the community—rich and poor alike—took advantage of this unique social project.

It started seven years ago, Mr.

Peters reminisces, leaning back in his old-fashioned study chair. "So many times when I would be visiting sick people I used to say to myself, 'I wish there was something down-to-earth—something practical—that I could do to help them.'"

Early in 1945, Mr. Peters found means to do his "something"—in the form of a memorial fund. During the depression and the disastrous Ohio River flood of 1937, Mr. Christian F. Fenn, the wealthy president of the Tell City Chair Company, had done many kind acts for the town—usually anonymously. When he died in 1944, the town florists could not supply all the flowers that were ordered by grateful citizens. When the Fenn family heard that the company employees had donated seven hundred dollars for flowers, they suggested that the money be given instead to the Reformed Church to carry out some charitable project.

Mr. Peters met with Mr. Fenn's widow, several employees of the chair company, and two church officers to plan for the use of this money. They

(Continued on page 37)

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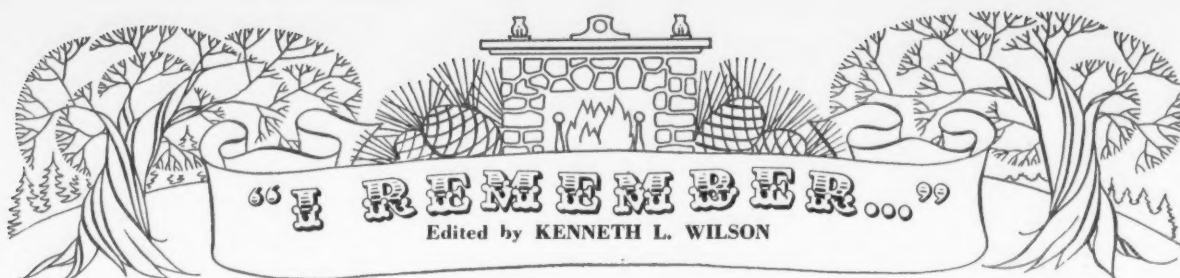
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Come to me, ye children,
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.
What are all contrivings
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses
And the gladness of your looks?
Ye are better than all ballads
That were ever sung or said,
For ye are living poems
And all the rest are dead.

—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW
From Robert Daughirtai, Miami, Fla.



A LITTLE PRAYER

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

—ANNE STEELE



UNDER THE HOLLY BOUGH

*Ye who have scorned each other
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come, gather here.*

*Let sinned against and sinning
Forget their strife's beginning
And join in friendship now;
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken
Under the holly bough.*

*Ye, who have loved each other,
Sister and friend and brother,
In this fast-fading year;
Mother and sire and child,
Young man and maiden mild,
Come, gather here.*

—CHARLES MACKAY
From Mrs. J. R. Gillespie, Chicago, Ill.

I HAVE always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round, as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people as if they really were fellow passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys.

—CHARLES DICKENS



I built a chimney for a comrade old,
I did the service not for hope or hire—
And then I traveled on in winter's cold,
Yet all the day I glowed before the fire.

—Edwin Markham



Her child is crying in the darkened room!
The mother hears, and soon within her arms
She clasps her darling, banishing alarms,
Dispersing with her presence fear and gloom.

And does thy heavenly Father turn aside
Unheeding, when thy cry to Him ascends
From depth of night? Nay, comfort He extends,
Thy heart is strengthened and thy tears are dried.

—Author Unknown
From Mrs. Carrie E. Hosley, Jeffersonville, Vt.



So often I am sure You'd have me give
Some comfort. Now and then I almost say
A word or two to some unknown I see,
Groping bewildered on the crowded way.

I cannot always sense what people need:
Who are the brave, and who the hurt, afraid;
And so I pass and never know, dear God,
Who were the ones who hungered for my aid.

I'm sure that Mary longed for warm, sweet words
That lonely night she came to Bethlehem.
And there are those around me now, I think,
Who seek the inn. Oh, help me comfort them!

—Helen Welshimer

How Much Ought I to Give?

Give as you would if an angel
Awaited your gift at the door;
Give as you would if tomorrow
Found you where giving was o'er.
Give as you would to the Master
If you met His loving look;
Give as you would of your substance
If His hand your offering took.

—Author Unknown

From Frankie M. Moffet, Ellenburg, Wash.



The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound:

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

—ALFRED LORD TENNYSON



You tell me I am getting old—
But that's not really so!
The house I live in may be worn,
And that, of course, I know;
It's been in use a good long while
And weathered many a gale,
I'm therefore not surprised to find
It's getting somewhat frail.

You tell me I am getting old—
You mix my house with me!
You're looking at the outside,
That's all that most folks see;
The dweller in the little house
Is young and bright and gay—
Just starting on a life that lasts
Through long Eternal Day!

—SANDY DOUGAL
From Emma Gerhardt, New York, N. Y.

What is your favorite quotation or bit of verse? Include source and author and your own name. Sorry, no items returned, and no original material used.

The Perfect Gift for this Moment in this World



**A new authorized version of the Bible—
more accurate and easier to read—that preserves
the timeless beauty of the King James translation**

We give gifts at Christmas to celebrate the birth of Jesus nearly 2000 years ago. Yet how often do we choose a gift in keeping with the real meaning of Christmas?

This year you can solve your gift problems with the most appropriate Christmas gift of all . . . the Revised Standard Version of the Bible.

Here is a Bible that tells the glorious, ever-new story of Jesus in the language we use today, yet a Bible that is faithful to the earliest known manuscripts.

Easier to read

Ninety-one Bible scholars cooperated in the fourteen-year-long labor to recover the full meaning of the Bible, and free it from outdated expressions that make it hard to understand. (Did you know, for instance, that in King James' time "by and by" meant *immediately*? That a man's "conversation" meant his *conduct*?)

In the 341 years since the King James Version, dramatic discoveries of ancient manuscripts have shed new light on the Scriptures. The Revised Standard Version is based on the most authoritative manuscripts—some earlier than any pre-

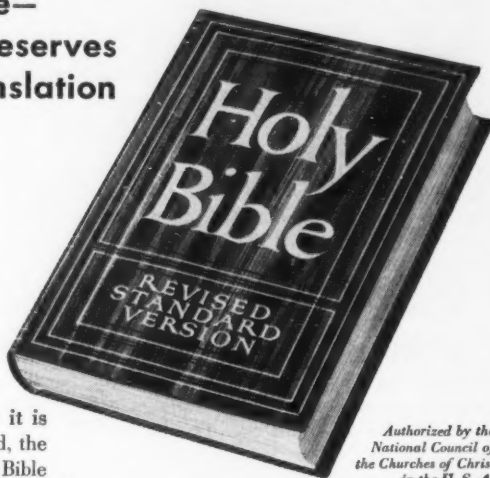
viously known. In a sense, it is our *oldest* Bible.

Perfect gift for young and old

In these anxious days, the Bible offers a practical antidote for sorrow, cynicism, and despair. But the King James Version is often difficult reading.

For those who too seldom open their Bible because the way it is written makes it hard to understand, the Revised Standard Version of the Bible can bring an exciting new experience.

Direct, understandable language quickens each verse to glorious meaning . . . yet the poetic beauty of the King James Version is preserved. The Revised Standard Version of the Bible is ideal for children. There are no obscure old-fashioned phrases to confuse young people or dull their eagerness to read. And many devout readers of the King James Version praise the richer understanding this new version has brought them. This Christmas let it bring renewed inspiration to you and those you love.



*Authorized by the
National Council of
the Churches of Christ
in the U. S. A.*

Why Religious Leaders Prefer the Revised Standard Version

"For everyone seeking peace of mind, victory over fear, and a solution of personal and social problems, this version will be of great practical help."

—Dr. Norman Vincent Peale



"An event of the greatest significance. A group of eminent scholars has produced this monumental work, which in the light of new knowledge clarifies the eternal message of the Word of God in modern language."

—Bishop Henry Knox Sherrill

"The translation is fresh and arresting. The interpretation represents the combined views of respected scholars rather than the version of any one writer. The wealth of new insights is most enriching."

—Dr. Ralph W. Sockman



See How Modern Language Makes The Meaning Clear

King James Version

Psalms
119:147
1 Cor.
10:24
Acts
10:34

I prevented the dawning of the morning, and cried: I hoped in thy word.
Let no man seek his own, but every man another's *wealth*.
Then Peter opened *his* mouth, and said, Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons:

Revised Standard Version

I rise before dawn and cry for help;
I hope in thy words.
Let no one seek his own good, *but* the good of his neighbor.
And Peter opened his mouth and said: "Truly I perceive that God shows no partiality . . ."

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THOMAS NELSON & SONS

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Buckram edition—Printed on the finest Bible paper; bound in rich maroon buckram with a Sturdite spine stamped in genuine 23-karat gold. The clear, legible type called Electra (the first time this highly readable type has been used in any Bible) has plenty of white space between the lines. \$6.00.

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• AT HOME •

MR. PRESIDENT: Now that thirty-three million Americans are hoarse, it's time for somebody to gavel the meeting to order. There's work to be done. Ike's crusade, far from being ended, is just beginning. An election solves no international dilemmas, scours out no corruption. All it does is lay the foundation—a process accompanied by noisy blasting, bulldozing, steam shoveling. Foundations are indispensable, but they're not good for anything until they have a building on top of them. Every girder that Ike signals into place will mean an argument with somebody, without or within his party. His broad smile and winning personality are more important than ever from here to '56, for Ike can't do the job by himself. He's only the foreman. He's got to cajole and inspire the boys into getting the place roofed over before the rains come.

The rains are on the way. Pundits say a business setback (experts are not calling it a depression, even a recession) is to hit the U.S. near the end of next year, lasting through '54. It can make things look bad for a Republican President.

Ike promised to cut spending. But if there are cuts of more than peanuts, they'll have to come out of defense (causing even more of a "setback"); trimming is possible elsewhere, but no cleaver whacking. Out of an \$80 billion budget, more than \$58 billion is military. Interest on the public debt (over \$6 billion) can't be sliced, and nobody wants to cut social security (\$2.3 billion) or aid to veterans (\$4.5 billion). That leaves something around \$8 billion in agricultural aid, public works and regular government expenses; it can't *all* be eliminated, and even if it could be, we're still in the red.

And what about Korea? Where do we go from here?

Wise old Bernie Baruch says, "The next President of the United States will have the most difficult tasks of any President."

No, the crusade isn't over. But now it's not exclusively Ike's, not even the Republican Party's. Now it is, of necessity, everybody's crusade.

FUNDS: Now that the election is over, do we casually dismiss the "Nixon Fund" and the "Stevenson Fund"? If

that supercharged week proved anything, it was that we must pay our public servants adequate salaries or refuse to be shocked by extracurricular contributions. No matter how unspotted the integrity of Mr. Nixon or the proteges of Mr. Stevenson or anybody else—there's something belittling and shameful about a system which makes an official dependent upon handouts from anybody's back door. To subsidize is ultimately to influence.

What's the answer? Higher salaries, for one. Perhaps government-financed election campaigns, for another. That means we'll have to shell out more tax dollars. But at least, we'll *all* be shelling, not just a few special interests who may or may not enclose with their fat checks dull axes for a grinding job.

WATCHERS: One of the most blood-curdling accounts we've read in a long time filled three inches on the front page of a New York newspaper. We've seen some shocking stories in our time—corruption in Washington, cozy friendships between gangsters and "defenders" of the law, spies of Russia stealing U.S. security secrets. Those things have made us boiling mad, but at least we could understand them. They were rotten apples in the barrel. The New York item concerned the barrel itself:

"A crowd *watched* as a young man

picked up a bus stop stanchion at 4:25 a.m. today and smashed a plate-glass window of the Murray Lee Men's Shop, 1686 Broadway. About 100 persons *watched* as he loaded his arms with shirts, ties and other accessories and then made a bundle of them. They *watched* as he hailed a cab driver who refused to pick him up. They *watched* as he ran across Broadway, dropping part of his loot on the street. They *watched* as he fled west on 53rd St." Italics ours.

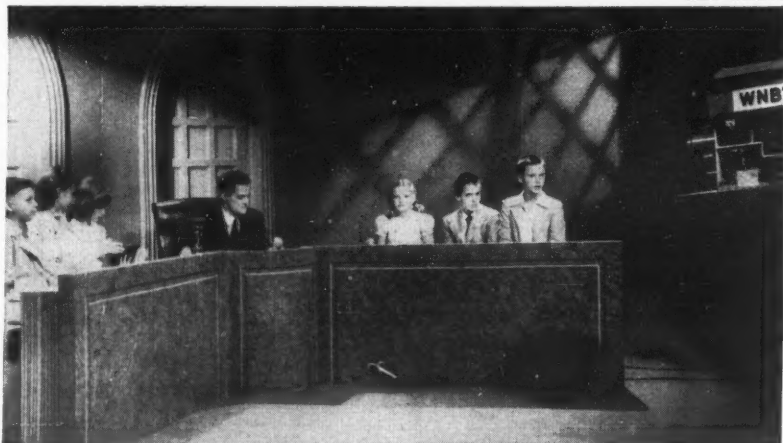
"PROGRESS": The first atom bomb that America produced cost \$1 billion, as we remember it. Now a Cambridge University scientist predicts that within two years, the cost of killing by atomic bombs will be only about \$2.80 per person. The cost of killing by normal high explosives is several thousand dollars a person, and the bill goes to somewhere around \$75,000 for killing one enemy soldier. But this scientist sees the approach of the day when improvements in supply of atomic fuel might provide enough for 6000 atomic bombs each year, with each bomb killing 25,000 persons.

There's "progress" for you!

ONE MAN: Just about the time the United Nations was born in San Francisco, a Goshen, Ind., farmer had an idea for a four-legged foreign policy. Dan West's inspiration: Send heifers overseas to refugee farm families. This kind of practical sharing would let neighbors in war-torn areas get back on their feet, help themselves. Dan didn't figure it out at so much "good-will" per hundredweight. He wasn't trying to buy friends. He was trying to help. His idea caught on. The Church of the Brethren took it up first. Today many religious and farm groups are co-

BIBLE QUIZ KIDS: Two teams of youngsters from New York area Sunday schools compete weekly on "Know Your Bible," new Sunday morning television quiz viewed on WNBT 9:30-9:45. Rev. Jesse William Stitt is quiz-master for this American Bible Society-sponsored program on which youngsters match Bible knowledge.

GARY WAGNER



operating. In seven years, more than 6000 heifers have been shipped, mainly to Poland, Italy, Czechoslovakia, Germany and France. In addition, 5000 goats have gone to Okinawa and Japan. The current goal is 1200 heifers for Western Germany, where refugees in Schleswig-Holstein make up 45 per cent of the population. In many cases, the local government has made small plots of ground available to refugee farm families who came by a heifer. Relief workers back from Europe say, "The gifts of American heifers to refugees has called to the attention of government officials the dire needs of refugee groups under their jurisdiction. In many cases, greater concern has been shown on the local level."

Dan West did what he could, where he was—and the world is a friendlier place!

COURIER'S CUES: If Western tidelands oil belongs to the Federal Government, what about New England's multi-million income from clams, lobsters and kelp from submerged lands?

... FBI forecasts total of 2 million major crimes this year; in first half of '52, more 18-year-olds were arrested than any other age group (more 23-year-olds in same period of '51).

... The steel strike cost U.S. Treasury \$1 billion.

... U.S. will crack down on foreign-born racketeers, take away their citizenship, send them back where they came from.

... Icemen are doing a bigger business today than before electric refrigerators came along!

... *Personal* debt has jumped 300 per cent since 1939, *Federal* debt has gone up 650 per cent.

... Mortgages smaller and smaller, in spite of demise of Regulation X; lenders are taking no chances.

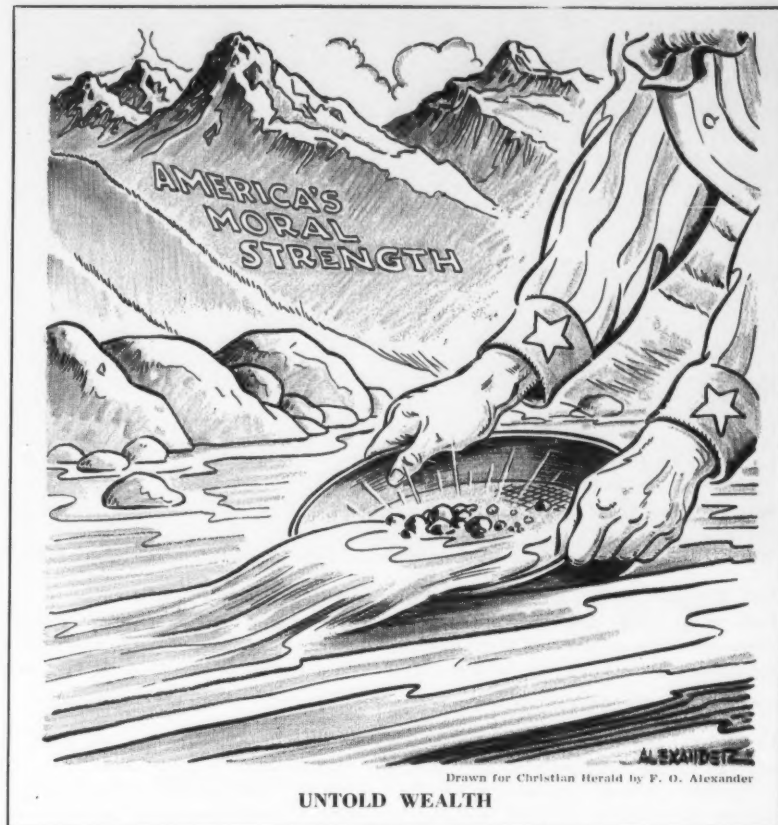
... Mr. Churchill comes over in March to meet the new President, lobby for lower U.S. tariffs, a customs simplification bill, price stabilization for world's raw materials.

... The British hope to exploit U.S. market for their jet airliners while they're out ahead of competition.

... And the fourth Thursday of this month, again a Star to steer by!

• ABROAD •

DUSTED: First, the cherry on this month's foreign news ration: In the village of Hilleroed, Denmark, one Carl Hansen, stove repairman, fell off his bicycle and sat momentarily stunned. A passing motorist picked him up, dusted him off. Villagers ran to see what happened and began politely tipping their hats to the motorist. Carl left off trying out his arms and legs, and looked where everybody else was look-



UNTOLD WEALTH

ing. The dusty-handed motorist was his king, Frederik IX.

PROPHET: Mr. Stalin turned soothsayer for *Bolshevik* magazine, spread his predictions of things to come over fifty pages. Accurate or not, his piece at least indicates what he *hopes* will happen. Says Mr. Stalin, the capitalist countries of the world will tangle in a war brought on by a depression. Germany and Japan will pull away from the U.S., try to regain their lost glory. When dollars give out, Britain, Italy and France will follow. The Stalin crystal ball says further: Nobody's likely to go to war against Russia, because that would mean the destruction of capitalism; the Communist peace crusade will only postpone war, since to get a lasting peace, capitalism must be overthrown; Russia is not planning to attack anyone.

So Mr. Stalin patiently waits to pick up the pieces. And on this side that waiting comes out as "Cold War."

FIRST: Before we turn from the wide open steppes, a humorous bit from *Munchner Illustrierte* to top all Russian boasting. Radio, television, "beizbol" (as played by the Dodgers and Yankees)—you name it, and the Russians invented it. But the Russian trait for outtalking is getting around! In this story heard in Budapest, capital of

Soviet Hungary, Adam is taking his morning constitutional in the Garden of Eden. He suddenly meets a man with a long white beard. Adam, surprised to have company, asks, "Who are you?"

"I am a Russian," the old man replies matter-of-factly.

BRITAIN: Fiery Aneurin Bevan rides high in the councils of the Labor Party. Bevan extremists have won six out of seven contests for seats in the party's national committee. Laborite Attlee is a reactionary Tory, compared with Mr. Bevan. And when Labor returns to power—as the tipsters say it will when an election is held—Bevan will sooner or later be in line for the job of Prime Minister. His platform: a British "declaration of independence" from the U.S., strong ties with Russia, Communist China in the UN.

Bevan is a "doctrinaire" socialist. Dictionary definition: "one who would apply a political or economic system based on abstract doctrines or theories without enough regard for practical difficulties." That's cloud-walking Mr. Bevan exactly! And more and more Britons are swinging to his side—perhaps because what he believes, he believes intensely. "America hasn't found the answer. America is bewildered," says Mr. Bevan. "Russia hasn't found the answer either. But we have found it, and



RNS PHOTO

U.N. MEDITATION: At opening meeting delegates to the seventh session of the General Assembly observe a moment of silence for prayer or meditation. On podium are secretary-general Trygve Lie, Dr. Luis Padilla Nervo of Mexico, session's temporary president, and Andrew W. Cordier, executive assistant to Mr. Lie.

let us hold our heads up and apply it with all the courage we possess!"

On this side, do we believe in *our* way of life with as much fervor?

STRAW: Dr. and Mrs. Frank Wilson Price, Southern Presbyterian missionaries, arrived in Hong Kong after waiting twenty-two months in Shanghai for an exit permit from Communist China. They were treated "very correctly," were able even to move freely about the streets without suffering indignities. While the Prices walked, they looked. And one of their observations is a straw in the wind—the merest straw and the merest wind: They noticed that all foreign signs have been removed from Shanghai streets—even those in Russian. Dr. Price, born in China, reared there, affirms what others have long argued: "There is no love lost between the Chinese and the Russians—there never has been." Let Mr. Stalin talk about the coming breakup of capitalist allies! Some day, a Communist breakup is coming, too. Some day, Mao or his successor, or his successor's successor, will sign China's own declaration of independence.

KOREA: Wrote William E. Shaw, former Methodist missionary, now a civilian chaplain in Seoul, Korea: "About 35 miles from Seoul, there is an orphanage. When I went to take clothing and some candy, there were more than 170 children, ages 5 to 15. Eight of the older girls gathered of their own accord and sang several hymns. I was touched by their singing, 'I Gave

My Life for Thee, What Hast Thou Given for Me?'"

What a quiet rebuke from waifs of war, orphaned, homeless—to free men everywhere! We thought of that, and then of the statement of Henry Appenzeller, Director, Korea Operations, Church World Service: "It is going to be a rough winter in Korea this year."

MPF: We've pointed out the food crisis facing the world, desperate in some countries like Japan and India, only a trend in other countries like the U.S. The ceiling (food supplies) is slowly coming down, the floor (population) is quickly coming up. The closer the two, the faster ride the horsemen of famine and war. But the world is not defeated on food, not by a long shot. There aren't enough steaks to go around, but we haven't begun to tap resources such as "Multi-Purpose Food." A California scientist, Dr. Henry Borsook, developed the protein-rich food less than ten years ago. Distributor is Meals for Millions, 648 South Broadway, Los Angeles, California. An MPF meal costs three cents, a dollar provides meals for a week or more.

If you're asking, "What can I do about that rough winter in Korea?"—there's an answer for you—three-penny miracles!

● CHURCH NEWS ●

SANTA CLAUS: As far back as this reporter can remember, missionaries have asked for used Christmas cards. What they did with them, we were never

quite sure, unless children liked the bright-colored pictures and they were used as wanted rewards. Now comes an admonishing word from William A. Foster, Jr., Methodist missionary in the Philippines: "When you send old greeting cards, try to be selective. Do you want to build up Santa Claus and the materialistic side of Christmas? Or is the really important part of Christmas the story of Jesus' birth and the difference His life has made in our world?"

The point is well taken. It is asking too much to require a missionary to explain away a red-nosed reindeer.

ANGEL: An ecclesiastical word that used to be trotted out for spelling bees and such was "disestablishmentarianism." The Church of England has given British word coiners provocation to whip up another word, likewise bound in syllabic red tape—"Lapidarianism." The dispute this time has to do with the kind of stone that may be used for monuments in church graveyards—no improvement, as far as we can see, on the argument that never did settle how many angels could stand on the head of a pin.

It all came about when a Sussex vicar refused to allow a father to erect over the grave of his nine-year-old daughter a figure carved from Italian marble. The Consistory Court of the Church of England supported the decision, and Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, explained in a letter to the father: "Italian marble is an alien intrusion to be deplored."

We don't know how the father with empty arms and uncomfortable heart felt about all this. Apparently that wasn't important.

RSV: Probably never before were so many people aware that a new Bible had been published—healthy publicity, that can do this! By any measure, the Revised Standard Version is a broad step ahead. When anybody makes the Word of God more understandable, that is indisputably good. But we don't go along with the brash headline we saw in one religious journal: "Farewell to the King James Bible!" We have an idea it's here to stay, and the Revised Standard Version with it. Yes, some of the reactions to the new version and to Bible-reading generally, make interesting, not to say intriguing, reading:

... Roman Catholic Bishop John J. Wright of Worcester, Mass., paid tribute to the devotion of Protestants to the Bible. He said it had resulted in a "strong heritage of Scriptural moral idealism" in Protestants.

... Dr. Luther A. Weigle, chairman of the committee of 32 scholars who made the Bible revision, deplored the announced intention of some churchmen to continue using the King James

Version of the Bible for church worship services.

... Before delegates to the 18th biennial convention of the United Lutheran Church recommended that the Revised Standard Version be used in lessons for the new Lutheran service book and hymnal now nearing completion, two compromises were suggested. One, that the King James and RSV translations be printed in parallel columns. The other, that the Bible text be thrown out of the new book altogether for the sake of harmony.

MEDIOCRE: Dr. Milton C. Froyd, director of research at Colgate-Rochester Divinity School, is of the opinion that too many mediocre men are going into the ministry. We're not sure that we would go that far out on the limb, but he's dead right when he points out that everybody's clamoring for the future of capable young men, while the church maintains a too-dignified silence. Along about graduation time and before, flocks of high-powered industry scouts swarm to the college and even high-school campuses and skim off the cream. But, laments Dr. Froyd, "No one ever talks to the superior youth about entering the ministry, with the result that if he ever had an interest it is likely to be lost."

The churches seem to depend upon God to call a man, if He wants him. But everybody and his brother are calling that man, and a still, small voice may not be heard. Dr. Froyd says wryly, "We must not allow our young men to feel that merely because they possess superior abilities they are automatically eliminated from the possibility of being called to the ministry."

RETREAT: Frankly, the word has always bothered this reporter, like the phrase, "Back to the Bible." Retreats may be militarily necessary, but they're always humiliating. To call a revitalizing religious session a retreat, has never made sense in our book. And then to top it off, the retreaters went to the woods or some secluded spot—as far away from life as they could get and still be assured of three square meals a day. Dr. G. Ernest Thomas, director of the Methodist Spiritual Life Retreat, has a new way of doing it.

He says, "Strong faith comes not from getting apart from the world, but by going out into the world and influencing others." From now on, instead of going into seclusion, Methodist men will invade the cities. In a Buffalo week-end preview, thirty men—a North Carolina manufacturer, a New Jersey surgeon, a West Virginia insurance executive among them—held a street meeting on a downtown corner, prayed, sang, read Scripture passages and related personal experiences that had

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RNS PHOTO

UNUSUAL WINDOW: New all-jade window at North Shore Baptist Church, Chicago, is the creation of James L. Kraft. Kraft himself prospected for, cut and polished the 446 pieces composing it.

strengthened their faith. While this was going on, other Methodist laymen visited Buffalo hospitals and prisons. Forty-five laymen occupied pulpits in local Methodist churches that Sunday.

The emphasis is on doing what laymen have almost forgotten how to do since a couple of young men named Simon and Andrew pulled their boats up on the beach and "retreated" right out into the thick of life.

BELIEF: The *Catholic Digest* conducted a survey which shows that 87 per cent of all Americans are "absolutely certain" that there is a God. Adding these together with those who are "fairly sure" and "not quite sure," 99 per cent of us say we believe in a God. Whether this proves anything is open to debate, but there are the figures for whatever comfort they offer.

Roman Catholics are 92 per cent "absolutely certain," Protestants 87 per cent, Jews 70 per cent. Going down the list by denominations, Baptists lead with 93 per cent, Presbyterians follow with 90. Others in order: Methodist, 86; Lutheran, 80; Episcopal, 77; Congregational, 72.

IN BRIEF: TV has cut attendance at evening church services in Louisville, Ky., by 10 per cent, according to a survey by J. Dan Williams, Baptist clergyman. From 190 filled-out questionnaires, he found that area ministers evaluated TV programs this way: harmless, 8; morally poor, 75; too sexy, 19; irreligious, 36; satisfactory, 8.

... C. L. Torrey warned Seventh-Day Adventists that church administrators had better set their financial houses in order, because good times for churches may be at an end.

... A resolution of the Evangelical Church of Greece stipulates that in the future, only those persons who have shown "proven signs of conversion" will be accepted into the Church. What if it happened here!

... A new religious broadcast, *Songs to Live By*, dramatizes favorite hymns. That's WLAW, Boston, Sunday nights, 11:15.

... Final check on displaced persons brought to U.S.: 47 per cent Roman Catholic; 35 per cent Protestant or Orthodox; 16 per cent Jewish; 2 per cent other faiths.

... While one denomination was setting up the goal "each ten win one," Youth for Christ launched a crusade to enroll 10,000 youth pledged to win 100 converts each.

... Newsmen in Greenland came upon a painting of Christ in flowing robes but wearing Eskimo mukluks on His feet—all things to all men.

... The total number of Jews in the world is 11,672,000. Largest number, 5 million, are in the United States; 2 million live in the Soviet Union, 1,450,000 in Israel.

... Now the National Council of Churches, with 29 affiliated denominational groups includes 33,691,852 church members and 143,098 churches.

... The United Lutheran membership has passed the 2 million mark.

• TEMPERANCE •

HOME: Some youngsters acquire the drink habit in college, and the statistics bear it out. But looking at the overall picture, the likeliest place to become snagged is *not* college. Most of the students who matriculate in alcohol don't wait until they get off to an institution of higher learning. A Yale Alcoholic Studies survey of 17,000 students on 27 campuses shows that 80 per cent of the young men and 65 per cent of the young women who drink acquired the habit *before* they entered college. Before apron strings were cut, most of the college drinkers were drinking—and that burden of guilt must be borne by mothers and fathers and churches and high schools and local communities.

And the fact remains that 20 per cent of the men who drink *did* learn in college, and more disturbingly, 35 per cent of the women.

BOTTLES: The 78th annual convention of the WCTU, held this year at St. Louis, was a rousing occasion, as usual. You have to hand it to the ladies! For years, they've not only prodded the conscience of America on the alcohol problem, but they've *been* that conscience. Miss Ethel Riddle of Hundred, West Virginia, assailed parents who "open bottles instead of Bibles." We like that battle cry! Mrs. Glen G. Hays,

vice-president-at-large, told the women that the number of "chronic and Lost Weekend drinkers" has increased to 15 million in the United States. By her arithmetic, these include one million alcoholics, three million chronic drinkers, and 11 million habituals "who can't let the stuff alone for 24 hours at a time." She added, "Women alcoholics and habitual drinkers exceed those of previous eras, largely because of pressure to drink from radio and television beercasts. Three times more beer, wine and liquor are consumed in living rooms and kitchens than in bars."

Mrs. D. Leigh Colvin, redoubtable president, declared in crisp language that crowded bars are becoming a small-town fashion and are losing their glamor status in metropolitan areas. Personally, we haven't noticed any falling off in Gotham.

SORRY: In Atlanta, at a rally called by Methodist Bishop Arthur Moore and Baptist pastor Dr. Louie D. Newton, a resolution was passed, protesting the sale of beer in Fulton County grocery stores. Unlike some resolution passers, the meeting goers didn't verbally lament the situation and let it go at that. Dr. Newton announced that there were 131 county food stores selling beer, and, significantly, that lists would be sent to church members. Cards were distributed, bearing this pungent inscription: "Sorry, I would like to give you my business. But I find that you sell alcoholic beverages. Whether you hold a license for such beverages is your business. Whether I patronize your establishment is my business. And I choose NOT to patronize any business that sells alcoholic beverages."

DRY POWDER: Citizens of Maine spent more for liquor last year than it cost to operate the state government: \$55,484,000 to \$54,363,000. Meanwhile, the state spent only \$7 million for education and \$3 million for old-age assistance in 1951.

... The United Temperance Movement of Minnesota, backed by Protestant churches, has published a booklet giving testimonials of "real men of distinction"—attorneys, police chiefs, governors, judges. Good idea for your church bulletin.

... From Sam Morris: "Somebody says, 'We tried prohibition once and it didn't work.' We have tried world peace three times and it hasn't worked yet. Freedom is worth fighting for over and over again."

... In Wilmington, Delaware: The parents of a seventeen-week-old boy found dead of malnutrition were held in jail today on manslaughter charges after investigators said the infant died in an apartment which had "plenty of whisky and beer, but no milk or bread."

Our terrible thirst



ANXIOUS city planners are sitting up nights biting their pencils over this:

We use 1,100 gallons of water per person a day in the United States.

Not even an enemy bomb could stifle the growth of our communities as effectively as a water shortage. Our homes, our health, our industries, our standard of living all depend on plenty of clean, fresh water.

2

Why should there be a shortage when water equal to 25 times our need falls from the skies every year?

Unhappily, the rain doesn't always fall where we need it most. Our reservoirs, many of them, were built with no expectation that our cities might double or triple in size. Cities have always been understandably reluctant to buy equipment enough to anticipate the needs of people and industries yet unborn.

Water pollution is no less a cause than population and industrial growth. 75% of our communities get their water from lakes and streams. Many of these communities are in the position of the Ancient Mariner, with water, water everywhere but not a drop to drink—until it has been treated.

3

The picture isn't all black, even though there is no quick national solution. Since the problem differs in each community, it is being attacked where it has to be attacked, at the community level.

Any community will act *after* it has had an emergency. It takes an enlightened community to build *before* the pinch.

Shortly after World War II, General Electric began an educational program to assist communities to estimate their future needs and plan the equipment needed. This was a logical step, since the effort was in the field we know best, the application of electric power.


Two motion pictures have been prepared by General Electric in collaboration with the U.S. Public Health Service. "Clean Waters," a twenty-five-minute picture, has been shown to almost 2,000,000 people. A new movie, "Pipeline to the Clouds," has already had over one thousand showings.

Today, with the aid of giant electric motors, water is pumped hundreds of miles to cities and farms. (Example: The city of Los Angeles is getting most of its needed water from watersheds 300 miles away.)

As for water pollution, cities find the answer in sewage-treatment plants, which release rivers, streams, and lakes to their original uses. The nation has over 30 times as many such plants as in 1910. The Public Health Service estimates a third more are needed.

Together, communities and private industry have found new water sources, built tunnels and aqueducts. It is hard to write a definition of the American way. But these hand-in-hand accomplishments of the American Waterworks Association, the U.S. Public Health Service and industry are a good example.

NOTE: Interested city committees or city officials who wish showings of the motion pictures mentioned, please address correspondence to General Electric Company, Section 6A, Schenectady 5, N. Y.

You can put your confidence in—
GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Editorially Speaking...

● AN EPIC OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

ONE OF the most remarkable radio addresses I have ever heard was delivered by Madame Chiang Kai-shek in January, 1950, on the day before she left New York City, returning to Formosa and her husband, the Generalissimo. Here is one unforgettable sentence from that message to the American people, whose government had so tragically failed her husband, her people and the cause of freedom and democracy in the Far East: "Robert the Bruce fought from a cave, we fight from an island!"

Later in 1950 I visited that island twice and came to know at first hand the work of Madame Chiang among the Nationalist troops, as well as among the civilians, both native and refugee. Madame Chiang found that on Formosa one of the greatest needs was for spiritual inspiration in the military hospitals among the sick and wounded. Officers and enlisted men were depressed and disappointed and many committed suicide. Since the women have started an active program of religious worship and counseling in military hospitals, there have been no deaths from suicide in those hospitals covered. Many have turned over to chaplains and women workers small vials of poison which they admitted were for taking their lives.

Two days after the Reverend Mr. Li Shi-chi was installed in the 21st Military Hospital for the first such occasion, a worship service was held in a classroom which sixty people, including Christian members of the hospital staff and a few musicians, attended. The superintendent, a one-star general, a Christian himself, was so enthusiastic that he helped to arrange the first Sunday morning worship service. Since then there has been no interruption in the work of the chaplain. At first there was a problem of finding sufficient evangelists to place in the hospitals. Another major task has been speech difficulties, since there are so many dialects represented among the soldiers. Supplying New Testaments for distribution has been costly. The price for each is forty dollars in Chinese currency, but the American Bible Society has made possible the distribution of thousands of the Holy Scriptures.

The women of the Prayer Group decided that their next step was to place chaplains in the training camps so as to reach recruits. To reach the training camps Madame Chiang wrote letters of introduction for some of the women to the General of the Nationalist Army, General Sun Li-jen, asking permission to install chaplains in his army. General Sun was agreeable and welcomed the idea. While conversions and baptisms were slower among the well soldiers, each month the number increases as the chaplains and women carry on their evangelism, aided by the new converts.

The chaplains report that the servicemen in the

field seem to be seeking something. Groping in the dark they have failed to find satisfaction in their ancient religion; Western science failed them as did the new educational system. The minds and souls of many former non-Christians seem now to have been filled by accepting Christian teaching. The door to Christian teaching is rapidly being thrown open by the efforts of Madame Chiang and her women workers.

From the Women's Prayer Group, organized by Madame Chiang immediately after her return to Formosa early in 1950, all these religious activities, including the chaplaincy, have sprung. Mayling Soong Chiang's fight for freedom, as she stands by the side of her soldier and statesman husband, is also a religious epic of the twentieth century.

● THE LIGHT BURNS

I HAVE a Scotch Thistle cane that Harry Lauder gave me. It was in the spring just after the tragic Christmas that brought to the Lauders the word of John's death in France—John was their son and only child. I was to see and hear Harry Lauder only once after that visit to his home, but the cane is a rich reminder of the morning that I spent with the little comedian who was to the British what Will Rogers became to his fellow Americans.

Harry Lauder was deeply religious and, of course, the tragedy of his own life intensified his religious feeling. In his later years he never spoke and seldom sang or entertained when he did not share with his audience his religious faith. Once, when addressing a Rotary Club Luncheon, he told of how he had watched an old lamplighter passing through a dark street, lighting the gas lights with a taper on a long pole. "I could not see the old man," Harry said. "It was completely dark at the foot of the lamppost. But I always knew where he was by the row of lights he left behind him as he passed through the street." Harry went on then to say that it isn't important for the world to see an individual as a great person, but that it is very important that we leave torches behind us, that we put a few little lights along the dark ways through which all of us must pass.

Daniel A. Foling
EDITOR OF CHRISTIAN HERALD

My Star in the East

By BEATRICE PLUMB

For each of us there was someone
who at the right moment guided
us as surely as did the Star of Old

SHE DID not look like a star—this small, brown sparrow of a Welsh woman. There was nothing brilliant about her, none of the qualities that makes for a following. She was just part of the usual background of Sunday, as it was lived in the English village where I grew up.

Yet, looking back, with half a century and the Atlantic Ocean between, I know that Elizabeth Rees was my Star in the East—the one, above all others, who, unknowingly, led me along the straight sure path to Jesus.

In those days, in that hard-working village, one day in seven was religiously given to Heaven. By eight-thirty in the morning, we children were in Sunday school. By ten-thirty, we were trudging in a long "crocodile" of twos to the ancient parish church, for morning service. Miss Rees, in her plain tweed suit and square-toed shoes, strode alongside, timing our pace to the distant church bells.

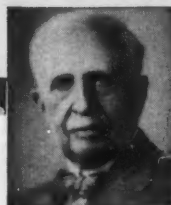
The seniors led the line which dwindled down in size and strength to the tail, where the tots did their valiant best to keep up.

Once when I was about five years old, and the last in line, Miss Rees gathered my weary, weaving feet into her arms, and carried me the last quarter mile. That is the first time I remember her. That is how all the villagers

ILLUSTRATOR: JOHN FERNIE

J.C. Penney

LINES OF A LAYMAN



SALESMEN OF FREEDOM

WHY does America have the world's highest standard of living? We do not have greater natural resources such as coal and iron and timber than other nations, as so many seem to think. There are other nations such as Russia and China and India which have these samples of national wealth in greater abundance than we do. But we have more automobiles and telephones and bathtubs and refrigerators and radios than any other people because—and this I emphasize:

Because we are a free people:

We are free to make and to sell; to buy and to save; to be farmers or machinists, merchants, doctors or lawyers; free to speak out, free to worship as we choose, free to come and free to go in an economy embedded in the principle of example rather than in the gloom of envy.

If we were good salesmen of freedom, do you suppose communism would have been able to overrun half the world in less than a generation?

If we were good salesmen of freedom, do you suppose communism would have been able to cross our own borders and penetrate our schools, our churches, our government, our homes?

Do you suppose, if we really believed in freedom, half of the world would be hating us, and the remaining half distrusting us?

You might think about those things. In fact, if you love this land and its freedom, it is imperative for you to think about them. Imperative that we—you and I—do something about it. It is of highest importance that we subscribe again to that American principle known as self-reliance—believe again in its promise that any man's success indicates what every man can do, if he tries.

remembered her. Not until they needed a lift did they know she was there.

By two o'clock we were in Sunday school again, and by seven-thirty in church for the evening service. Miss Rees, in the queer hat which was the laughing stock of the Manor ladies, would perform all her routine duties as unobtrusively as possible. She had a positive genius for merging into the background. She would sound the tuning fork for the Sunday school's chanting of the creed, check the pulpit candles, admonish the drowsy boy who "blew" the organ. It was a pity, I would hear the vestry men whisper, that the Vicar's sister was such a plain person—but she was a great help to him, of course.

In the slow course of childhood years, I reached Miss Rees' class. Each Sunday morning, I dutifully repeated to her, from memory, the collect and the Gospel for the day; each Sunday afternoon, the Epistle and some great religious poem, chosen by her. "Ode to Duty" or "Crossing the Bar" were her favorites.

I liked to hear her quiet "Well

done," but she was still outside my life, as impersonal a part of Sunday as the chimes and the collect.

Once I was gratefully conscious of her, in a speechless sort of way. I was in a scrape. I did not understand what I was charged with, but I knew by my father's stern face, as he stood shoulder to shoulder with the judges, that it was something that was unspeakably bad.

Every year, the squire of the village, who had once written a book, offered prizes for the best original essay and the best original poem, entered by a resident of the village. Children were not supposed to compete, but I submitted a poem, the brain child of much anguished mental travail.

On the great evening when the efforts were read in the village school house, and the awards made, the judges questioned my right to the half-guinea reward. They said no child of my age could possibly have written that poem; that I must have copied it from a book or magazine.

Faced by the dreadful new word "plagiarism," with no dictionary near

me, I was going down for the third time in a sea of confusion that looked suspiciously like guilt, when Elizabeth Rees threw me a rope in the quiet question, "On what did you make your first copy of this poem?"

"On a sugar bag."

"If I took you home, could you find it, and bring it here?"

"Of course."

In twenty minutes we were back, my hands clutching grocery sacks on which I had scribbled my many attempts to write the prize poem. It was positive evidence of my authorship. My father relaxed, my mother smiled, the judges applauded. Miss Rees? I don't remember! She must have merged into the background when she was no longer needed.

ELIZABETH REES did not come into my life until my world went out, with the sudden death of my mother. This was the first great grief of my life, casting me on a sea of such bleak heartbreak as only an unsure, sensitive child of thirteen can know.

There had been only four in our family—my parents, my sister and I. My mother, young, gay and radiant, had been our sunshine. Without her, my stricken dad retreated yet deeper into the recesses of his silent self; my sister, older than I, into complete absorption in her studies. I alone seemed to have no defense against this terrible new aching emptiness, this abysmal loneliness.

My family tried to help—my Dad, with competent housekeepers, my sister by urging me to a "decent show of fortitude." But I seemed to have turned to stone inside. I could not cry. A numb hopelessness settled down on me, like a fog, as the black-garbed weeks crept by.

The home I had loved so much seemed now an empty shell. When the time came to go to the seaside, I spent hours on the white cliffs, watching the waves beat against a jagged, scarred rock. That rock, I thought, is my heart, the waves my grief.

One grey, stormy day, I turned to discover I was no longer alone. Elizabeth Rees was sitting on a nearby boulder, gazing out to sea. She had come clear across England to seek me out!

She never said a word; just sat there, her eyes closed against the high wind, her strong, square hands cupped over her tweeded knees, her square-toed oxfords, scuffed with tramping, firmly planted together.

Slowly I went to her. She made room for me on her boulder. I smelled the tweed of her coat, and remembered the time when she had carried me

(Continued on page 70)

Singing He Goes

The songs of George Beverly
Shea, America's popular Gospel singer,
bring courage and comfort
to the hearts of people everywhere

By CEDRIC LARSON



Over 22 million hear and see "Bev" Shea weekly on radio and TV.

ALONG THE curve of the Whangpoo river, Shanghai's famed Bund lay strangely quiet. Ordinarily throbbing with the traffic of world commerce, the International Settlement was tense and watchful. Already word had come that Red troops were entering the suburbs. Soon the Communist floodtide would engulf this beachhead of democracy.

Large numbers of Westerners remained, despite their fear. Here were their jobs, here they had invested their lives. They stayed, and in their homes and business houses twisted radio dials in an uneasy quest for last-minute news.

Many of them tuned in on the final broadcast from the English-speaking radio in Shanghai, and heard the program of an American missionary. Resolutely he had made his way across the dazed city to the studio, for the last fifteen minutes of unhindered speech to go out over Shanghai air.

He read a passage of Scripture and gave a farewell message. Then, in benediction, he played a recording that lifted the chins and boosted the faith of every free man who heard it—Beverly Shea's "If We Could See Beyond Today As God Can See."

For months afterward listeners re-

ported that the words of this song did more than anything else to sustain their hope and courage in the blackness of the hour. They were not able to see ahead, but God could see, and He was keeping watch above His own. Beverly Shea had assured them.

The singer's virile, resonant voice has been giving people courage for something more than a decade, here at home as well as around the world. There was the bluejacket on shore leave who strayed into the hamburger spot in Philadelphia, attracted by the lights and raucous music. A radio was blaring canned bebop at the jaded and oblivious customers.

The music screeched to a halt, there was the usual station break, and another program took over. Few noticed the transition—not even when a deep, masculine voice began singing, "I'd Rather Have Jesus Than Anything."

SOMETHING in the words and the sincerity of the singer caught the sailor's ear. He listened attentively, staying with it for a while even when the song ended and a preacher began getting in his forearm smashes at sin.

Shouldering his way out into the night, he walked aimlessly along the

streets of Philadelphia, by chance passing the Christian Service Center. In a reflective mood, he walked in. There he made a decision for Christ, the decision that was to be the turning point in his life. Beverly Shea was the singer who stopped him in his tracks.

TEN years ago, the name George Beverly Shea was known only to a relatively small audience of listeners in the Chicago area, as a singer of hymns and Gospel songs. Today, he is probably America's favorite and best-known Gospel singer. As soloist on the ABC radio network's *Club Time* and *Hour of Decision*, he is heard by fifteen to twenty million persons weekly. Another two-and-a-half million persons see him on television Sunday nights with Billy Graham.

For the past six years the Armed Forces network, which blankets the globe, has featured his voice in *Hymns from Home*, a weekly program which has proved to be one of their most enthusiastically received productions.

Not only is he an unusually capable singer of religious songs, but a remarkably successful composer of them. His composition, "I'd Rather Have Jesus,"

(Continued on page 71)



SHE'D been so happy that Saturday as she finished getting supper for Bobby and herself. Her house was long and modern, the kitchen as well as the living room looked out on the street. She was glad because, even when she was in the kitchen, she could watch Bobby playing in the front yard with Rags, the mongrel puppy he'd found forlornly sitting on the porch last summer. Such a silly dog, Rags, with one ear up and one ear down and a rough coat and a stump of a tail when he should have a bushy one to match the rest of him.

Of course Robert wouldn't be home for the week end, but that didn't dim Sally's happiness, for he was in the West on a selling trip for his firm, and his commissions would put Bobby's college fund years ahead. She laughed to the tune of her whirring egg-beater—she and Bobby were having an omelette—and then suddenly her laughter turned to sheer horror and she was screaming and the egg-beater was lying in a pool of yellow yolks on the floor as she raced for the door.

It had all happened so suddenly! Bobby, throwing his ball, Rags, chasing after it, the ball rolling across the pavement and into the gutter and not stopping there, bouncing out of the gutter and across the road and Rags following it, and a truck coming around the corner...

Bobby had seen the truck coming. He hadn't stopped to think. Even if he had stopped, Sally knew, he'd have done the same thing. He darted into the road. In the very shadow of disaster he snatched Rags up in his arms, and then the truck driver was clamping on his brakes—but not fast

Upstairs, doctors bent over her little boy. In the waiting-room, Sally looked into the shadows...and found new courage

The Woman in the Shadows

A story by MARGARET E. SANGSTER

ILLUSTRATOR: KURT KINT

enough. Sally saw Bobby lifted on a fender, thrown hard against a hydrant at the side of the road; she saw him lying in a crumpled heap.

And then she was there, gathering his head in her arms, sobbing his name. And the driver, white-faced, was explaining huskily, "It wasn't my fault, ma'am—it wasn't my fault." And Rags, with one ear up and one ear down, was howling for the first time in his young life.

They hadn't waited for an ambulance. The truck driver had taken them to the hospital, and Bobby had been rushed to the operating-room. Somehow Sally had managed to compose a wire to Robert, but his itinerary was often uncertain, and she wasn't sure that it would reach him.

NOW, huddled in a chair in the waiting room, she watched the dial over the elevator, which was just in front of the waiting room—the dial that registered the position of the elevator as it went up to the operating floor and stopped and came down again. Would it stop at her floor this time, Sally wondered? Would it stop next time?

Winter twilight turning to winter dusk, dusk deepening into night—how long could they keep one small boy on an operating table? She buried her face in her hands but she wasn't crying. Her mind for a moment was completely blank.

It was as she sat there—in a strange vacuum beyond time and space, and eternity even—that the other woman made her presence felt. Sally didn't know why she lifted her face from her hands, for the woman, sitting in

the corner, was only a quiet shadow among shadows. Sally, glancing over at her, couldn't distinguish form or features.

Sally was surprised to hear her own voice speaking. "I asked them not to put on the lights, but if you want to read—"

The woman said, "I don't want to read, thanks just the same." Her voice was soft and low and had the rippling cadence of a stream running between green banks, and the depths of a stream when it has come to a shadowed forest pool.

"I, too, like to sit in the dark," she said, then added: "It's comforting."

"Comforting," echoed Sally—her voice trembled. "Comforting?"

"Yes. I like to think that the darkness is a cloak which hides all cruelty and all horror. I like to think that the darkness is as soft and gentle as a pair of arms that clasp a loved one close. I like to think that there's protection in the dark—and peace."

A pair of arms . . . holding a loved one close. Always Sally had held Bobby close; she'd shielded him from children's diseases, from accidents, from ugly lies—and ugly truths. . . . *Protection*—but at the moment of disaster she hadn't been able to protect Bobby. How could she feel any sense of peace when her only child was lying on an operating table, on the top floor of a hospital? Sally winced and held herself rigid, for the elevator was coming down again. But it didn't stop; it went on, down to the main floor. She spoke suddenly and almost incoherently.

"My little boy," she said, "is on the operating table. Every time the arrow

on that dial over the elevator goes up to the operating floor I—I hold my heart. When the elevator comes down I tell myself that it will stop, here in front of me, and they'll wheel Bobby out on a stretcher and his eyes will be open and the doctor'll tell me—" All at once she was crying. "If Bobby dies," she sobbed, "what will I do? What will I do?"

THE woman who sat in the shadows didn't rise, didn't come toward Sally. But when she spoke her voice held a sense of nearness. "Perhaps it will help if you tell me what happened," she said. "It's easier to talk things out than to hold them in."

Sally explained, haltingly. "Bobby saved Rags," she finished. "Rags wasn't hurt."

The woman in the shadows murmured, "Even unto the least of these . . . A little mongrel dog. Was he badly hurt, your child?"

"Yes. His body seemed all broken when we lifted it up from the place where it lay."

"A broken body lifted up," said the woman, "from the place where it lay. But broken bodies have been healed, my dear. Sometimes broken bodies come alive—"

But Sally, sobbing, said, "It's even worse because it's almost Christmas. Things always seem worse when they happen at Christmas!"

"A star road started at Christmas," said the woman. She started to speak fast—that strange lilting voice of hers with its unexpected depths!

"Many mothers of sons," she said, "are sharing this vigil with you. Think of all the boys in Korea, walking up

their separate Calvaries—and their mothers waiting, waiting."

Sally watched the dial of the elevator. It went up to the operating floor, waited a while, came down again. It didn't stop. She said finally, "Those other mothers—their sons are men. And Bobby's such a little boy."

"The mother of a son always remembers that son as a little boy," said the woman. "When she shuts her eyes she doesn't see him in uniform, marching in a long line with other men in uniform. She sees him in rompers or denim overalls. . . . I remember my son playing on the shores of the blue sea, holding a shell to his ear so that he could hear the music of the ages. I remember him at this season, coming home across the meadows with his hands full of blue violets for his mother." Her voice rose ever so slightly. "Yes, that's how I remember him at this season," she said.

Sally rose from her place. She started to walk back and forth. Outside lights glowed in windows.

"What are you doing here?" she asked the woman suddenly.

"I'm waiting, too." Her voice was so low that Sally didn't catch the words—or did she? "I wait with all mothers of all sons who are going through the valley of—"

"Have you been waiting long?" Sally's voice was playing tricks on her. She couldn't hold it steady. "It seems as if I've been waiting centuries."

"Centuries," echoed the other woman. "Yes—"

Sally went back to her chair. She had to be in a position to watch the elevator dial. "They're keeping him up there for a horribly long time."

"If your little boy had ceased to live," said the woman slowly, "the doctor would have come down alone—to give you the news. The fact that they're keeping him up there means he's still alive, and while there's life there's hope. Even after life has ceased, there's hope."

"If my husband were here," said Sally, "he'd be sitting beside me, holding my hand. He's away on a business trip—he should be back just before Christmas. I sent him a wire but I'm not sure it will reach him. . . . If he were only here."

"The ones we love," said the woman in the shadows, "the ones who love us, are always near when we need them." She quoted: "Lo, I am with you always."

Sally said dully, "That's from the Bible, isn't it? I've been trying to pray but I haven't been able to find the words. None of the regular prayers seem to fit, and I can't make up a prayer. I'm too frightened."

The woman in the shadows said,

"Think a prayer—you don't have to speak definite words. Fill your heart with the sensation of prayer . . . I've been praying with you ever since you came into the room."

Sally said, "But I was here first."

The woman in the shadows didn't answer, but somehow Sally knew that she was smiling.

Sally spoke abruptly. "There's something different about you," she said, "different from anybody I've ever known. I can't explain what's different,



A Christmas Hymn

Would there were some new type of melody

Wherewith my heart might sing
Of the Babe of Bethlehem.

The tender words would ring

And echo. Hearing them,

The very stars would chant a jubilee,

And all the universe rejoice.

But my deep love for Him I cannot voice.

Instead of seeking vainly for a hymn,
I will just offer up my heart to Him.

—Jennie C. Eulette



but it's *there*. I feel as if I've known you longer than I've known my oldest friend."

"Thank you," said the woman.

"And yet," Sally went on, "I don't even know your name, and you don't know mine. I'm Sally—"

The woman spoke swiftly, "Don't bother with the last name, my dear. Sally's enough. My name's Mary."

The elevator dial crept up to the operating floor. It stayed at the operating floor for an eternity, and the woman spoke again.

"Where is the little dog—Rags?"

"He's home," said Sally. "I shut him in the house. Thank heaven, I thought of that. If he were lost again, as he was when Bobby found him, it would kill Bobby—" her voice broke.

The woman in the shadows said, almost irrelevantly, "The elevator's starting down now. This time it will stop and they'll roll Bobby out on a stretcher."

"How do you know?" Sally's body was shaking as she leaned forward.

"I know," said the woman in the shadows. Then the door of the elevator clanged open and an orderly in white stepped out, walking backwards, and easing the stretcher into the corridor, and Sally saw a small figure lying on it, making just a little hump under the sheet. She was out of her chair in a flash—she was running toward the doctor who followed the stretcher.

But as she left the waiting room she heard the voice of her friend.

"Be of good cheer," said the voice, "your son has come back to you . . . It's night now—but joy cometh in the morning."

Sally scarcely heard the words, Clutching the arm of the doctor, peering—with him—into the quiet face of her child, she spoke a muted question. "He looks so still," she said, "so terribly still."

The doctor said, "He's under the anesthetic. It will be another thirty minutes before he comes out of it. The operation was a great success."

"He'll live?" whispered Sally.

"He'll live," nodded the doctor.

"He'll be whole again—completely."

"Thank God," whispered Sally.

"Thank God. Will he know me when he comes out of the anesthetic?"

"He certainly will toward morning."

"May I sit in his room and wait for him to come out of it?"

"Of course," smiled the doctor. "It'll be reassuring to the lad if he wakes up and sees you beside him."

The floor nurse rose from her desk and walked toward the waiting room. She pressed a button and the room was flooded with light. Sally turned swiftly from the doctor. "I must say goodbye to my friend," she said. "She'll be glad—so glad about Bobby—" She stopped short. "*She isn't there.*"

The nurse was coming back to her desk. Sally blocked her way. "The other woman who was in the waiting room—did she leave while I was talking to the doctor?"

The nurse said, "There wasn't any other woman in the waiting room." There was just a tinge of superiority in her voice, just a shade of pity. "You were alone the whole time."

The orderly was wheeling the stretcher down the hall. Her little boy—her only child—was lying on it. But still Sally hesitated.

"But we talked and talked," she insisted. "She even told me her name. She told me her name—was Mary."

The doctor cupped his hand under Sally's elbow. "Maybe you dozed off," he said. "Maybe you dreamed it." He propelled her gently along in the wake of the stretcher.

But, Sally, her eyes wide with realization, knew that she hadn't been asleep.

THE END



This is the PROMISE

By FAITH BALDWIN

DECEMBER — any December—is unpredictable. We do not know, in this New Hampshire climate, at least, if it will be fair or stormy. We cannot anticipate how much snow will fall. But this we do know—that the trees will be bare against the sky, black branch and trunk like a Chinese etching.

Now, I miss the holly tree at the old place. It was planted, small, a friend's gift to us, and it grew large enough to obstruct a view of the garden. By the time we realized this it was too big to move. As we had only one holly we knew, of course, that it would not have berries. Despite this scientific fact, berries it did have and in abundance about the fifth year, and every year since. Just below the terrace it made a bright showing of shining green leaves and scarlet fruit which was much loved by the birds. And because we are no longer there, it is not to say that the holly no longer bears inconspicuous white flowers in the summer, followed by the hard

green berries which soon turn red. It still bears and grows for the adults and children in that house.

Here we have planted alders, the black ones which also bear red berries. But this past summer afflicted them with a blight. But never mind, I say to myself, they will be all right again; they will recover. On the little pond, a skim of ice, and it will not be long before the mallards find it. They nest early—in February, I think. The pond is never frozen solid since it is brook-fed, and there is always a bubble of fresh-running water.

Now the winter transient birds come. You may awaken any morning to a strange small chorus of them and see new diners at the feeders. At the old place we rarely saw the purple finch—a few times in winter. Here we are a bit blasé; we have them nesting all summer long and singing fit to burst their throats. But I have not forgotten last year's cardinal on December twenty-

(Continued on next page)

ILLUSTRATOR: RICHARD OTT



Roy Huntoon checks his cold storage room. Right, he begins his evangelical route.

FOLKS
YOU SHOULD
KNOW



LAYMAN EXTRAORDINARY

In three years this Des Moines merchant
brought over 600 people into his church

By WILLIAM FOLPRECHT

WHEN an ordinary layman in a local church wins even ten people to Christ during the course of a single year it's a topic for conversation. But when a layworker brings in more than 200 a year—three years running—that is shouting news!

Roy M. Huntoon, meat merchant of Des Moines, Iowa, has turned in that kind of record. He says it's all pretty easy—if you love God and people enough to invest a little intelligent effort at getting the two together.

Although businessman Huntoon has been a member of the University Christian Church (Disciples of Christ) in Des Moines, since 1910, and was active in many departments, it wasn't until his wife's death that he began soul-winning in earnest. As he tells it: "One day Dr. Marvin J. Sansbury, my pastor, came to see me and we discussed my future. He knew how much I loved the church, and he knew that I was feeling lonely, right about then. 'Why don't you give an hour a week to some special work for the Kingdom?' Dr. Sansbury asked me. That didn't sound too hard, and I agreed. Then I found out that he meant evangelistic visitation! But I tried—and have kept it up ever since."

He's kept it up quite successfully,

too. In one three-year period alone, Mr. Huntoon was responsible for bringing 647 people into his church. "And since I started, I've been blessed beyond my deserving!" is his way of expressing the satisfaction he finds in his free-lance soul-winning.

Some idea of the remarkable results of Roy Huntoon's "evangelistic visitation" may be had from looking at the rolls of his church for the year 1948. Additions to the congregation numbered 503, and he personally garnered 225 of them. Now seventy-three years old, Mr. Huntoon is as enthusiastic as ever. He especially likes to bring young couples into the church and to see them establish Christian homes, even as he and his bride did more than half a century ago.

He has no "technique." He smiles and claims, "Anybody can do it! After all, in Christian work, as in business and salesmanship, it's really the *product* that counts. A salesman in the business world has to be sure of his product, have confidence in it, before he goes out to offer it to people. Church members have the greatest product in the world!"

Roy Huntoon disagrees with those
(Continued on page 48)

THIS IS THE PROMISE

(Continued from previous page)

first nor last year's bluebird, sitting on top of a pheasant shelter eight days thereafter.

This is a place of magic; from any window you may look out and see something strange and something familiar, both welcome. Last summer, I came quite close to a great blue heron; I could see him without binoculars. And closer still I crept to the smaller green heron. Both posed majestically at the pond.

Now is the season of winter sunsets—the apple green, clear and cold, the great sweeping scarlets and gold, the dusky mauves and rose. I run from window to window, from the west panes where the light is like that of another world—and for all I know, may be—to the south and east; yes, even the north, flushed and enchanting in the afterglow. No leaves obscure the colors. Straight down from heaven they pour through the naked branches, like oil upon the pond. They warm the snow; they look like tattered banners flying. Now and again on autumn and winter nights we see the mysterious splendor of the northern lights. The first time I saw these was during World War I on a country road in Long Island. I got out of the car and stood spellbound not knowing and afraid. In later years, I saw them often on the St. Lawrence River and never ceased to marvel.

In this season the rabbit and the fox and the slender weasel sleep. The woodchuck which came to sit under an apple tree all summer and turn an apple in his little black hands is also sleeping. It is the time for the hibernation of animals. But in the house it is time for the vast excitement, communicable without words, of the Christmas season. Even with the children grown and gone.

You'd think that after nearly sixty Christmases I would weary of the little traditional home things, the trimmings, so to speak. If not weary, at least feel the keen edge blunted against the hard shape of so many years. This is not so. I begin to grow excited in August; by September I am making lists; by October, I am knee-deep in Christmas preparations. This has nothing to do with the brutal fact that nowadays because of rushed printers I am asked to write my Christmas cards in June, or at the latest in July!

All of the past Christmases, nearly thirty of them, which are between me and the children, are like a strong invisible chain, binding yet not impeding. In Chicago, the eldest born will think of his childhood; and his wife recall her first Christmas under his

(Continued on page 46)

CHRISTIAN HERALD



Sometimes people like Dorney Trumble have the most wisdom about love and goodness — and the greatest courage

ILLUSTRATOR: NINA ALBRIGHT

DECEMBER 1952

The Two Poinsettias

By ANNE WEST

THERE ARE people in Four Meadows who may think that Dorney Trumble is a little queer. But that is because they do not know about him the way I do. A man *could* get a little offside, Father says, living alone all the time. And that is partly why Mother and Father have him come stay with us through Christmas.

Dorney is not much taller than I am when I stretch. His skin is tight like apple peel over his cheeks, and he has two white pieces of mustache that never get stained because he doesn't use tobacco.

Mother says that Dorney was married once when he was very young, but only for a year because then his wife died. He has a three-room house four miles out of town on Rural Route 2, and that's the route he delivers mail on. Every day—except during the worst of winter, when mail is so heavy anyhow that the post office sends a truck—Dorney drives into town in his rusty-black, straight-up car and gets the sacks and then drives out again, knowing all the boxes and fenceposts for miles around.

Dorney knows people in town, too. Every street and alley. That's why he's good to deliver Christmas orders for our flower shop. Parry's Floral Shop, that is—across from Blenson's Drugs.

Mother says that Dorney may not be the most romantic person in the world to come trudging up the walk with your orchid under his arm, but that she'd rather trust him over Four Meadows' icy streets than she would some harum-scarum high-school boy out on vacation with his head full of girls. And Father claims he never worries about our shop truck with Dorney behind the wheel.

You see, stuck out on the plains the way we are, we get our share of weather. Maybe through November it only spits and thaws. But by the time we're practicing carols and hunting last year's Christmas card list, it's coming a little every day, piling deeper and deeper.

Last year was no different. But when
(Continued on page 76)



Christmas means God with Us

"Behold, a virgin . . . shall bring forth a son, and they shall call His name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us." —Matthew 1:23

By BOB JONES, JR.

ONE HAS only to look about him at the wonders of the universe and at the beauties of nature to realize that back of all the visible creation is a God who planned and wrought it. The wonders of the heavenly bodies hanging like candles to light the capacious halls of space reflect dimly the radiance of the divine Mind which gives them light. The microscopic life teeming in a drop of water evidences with no less certainty the existence of the Author of all life.

The mind of man cannot but recognize in the split-second accuracy of planetary motion, in the ordered sequence of the seasons, in the cycle of the processes of life in nature, the presence of a divine Mind, a divine Hand—a divine Lord. Truly, "the Heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." The glory of God gleams in the pyrotechnics of the aurora borealis. The power of God is apparent when the storm rides the wings of the wind. The majesty of God is manifested when the earth

which He created trembles in His presence and the earthquake shakes the rocks. The beauty of the rainbow, unfurled like a banner across the heavens, proclaims His residence in His Universe.

But in all the manifestations of God through nature, God is a Being distant and far from human reach. The mind of man must recognize the existence of God, but the mind of man cannot discover Him. "Who by searching can find out God?" It is not necessary, however, that man discover Deity. God has revealed Himself in the person of His Son. The Lord Jesus Christ is God revealed for the appropriation of man's personal needs—his need of salvation from sin, his need of the limitless power of Deity imparted to him for daily living.

When God in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ was incarnate among men, the Lord of glory became a Child of earth. How great a mystery! The little Babe lying in the manger of Bethlehem

(Continued on next page)

ILLUSTRATOR: CHARLES ZINGARO



"Cabbies for Christ" are William R. King, Joseph Peleggi, Don Lewson.

Taximen's Crusade

A group of California "cabbies" make their mileage count—in deeds as well as dollars

IN SAN DIEGO, California, a taxicab pulled up to the curb. "You're overcharging me!" shouted the irate passenger as he unsteadily climbed out of the vehicle. Thereupon he launched into a series of loud profanities directed at the driver.

The cab driver listened for a moment. Then he spoke calmly.

"Mister, I don't care what you call me, but I don't like to hear Our Lord's name taken in vain."

The surprised fare stopped in mid-sentence. He hesitated a moment, then mumbled an apology and shuffled off.

That cab driver was a member of a unique organization: San Diego "Cabbies for Christ." Cabbies for Christ forms a small but enthusiastic group of the Southern California city's drivers, and their number is growing. Their only membership requirement is that a man be a cab driver who has had a sincere conversion to Christianity.

The group was formed three years ago by two men. One was a young ordained minister who took a temporary job driving a cab and the other was a driver who had previously made a practice of overcharging and even stealing when he could. The young minister preached the truths of Christianity to his associate and thus changed his way of life. After the young minister left for other work, this man became the enthusiastic leader of the Cabbies group.

The San Diego Cabbies do not seek publicity for the work they are doing. But word is starting to spread of their honesty, their helpfulness and their sincere religious zeal. Policemen will tell you that the Cabbies have helped to keep young people out of trouble. Passengers have had Cabbies call at their homes to return an overcharge made by mistake or to restore money or some other item left in a cab. Recently a young woman was saved from suicide by a Cabbie whose alert concern for his fellow humans led him to suspect her intention after driving her to a point near a high bridge.

The Cabbies for Christ are a cheerful, happy bunch. They say that they never ride alone; that they always have an Invisible Fare—their Lord and Saviour.

—JEROME KEARFUL

CHRISTMAS MEANS GOD WITH US

(Continued from previous page)

was the One without whom was not anything made that was made. The tiny, chubby baby hand upon the cheek of the virgin mother was the hand of Him who holds the universe in the hollow of His hand.

The baby arm about the mother's neck was the arm of the One whose everlasting arms are underneath all things. The lisping words of the toddling Child of Nazareth were the words of the One who spoke the earth into being and who created a universe by the Word of His mouth. The knowledge of the twelve-year-old Lad in the temple as He confronted and amazed the doctors of the law, was the knowledge of the One who is the Author of all truth and the embodiment of all wisdom.

The One sitting on the well-curb to rest, tired with His journey and burning with the heat of the day, was the God who created the world in six days and rested on the seventh. The One who paid taxes to Caesar was the One who established human government and from whose hand Caesar received the power he so often misused.

In every point He entered into the feeling of our infirmities. More lonely and burdened than any other man was ever lonely and burdened. He prayed alone in the garden while His disciples slept. Thirsty, He asked for a drink of water beside the well of Samaria, and upon the cross He cried, "I thirst." Hungry, He resisted the temptation of Satan to turn stones into bread. Weary and worn, He slept in the stern of the boat amid the storm of sea.

But Christ was incarnate for a definite purpose. He came to die. Man had sinned and man was under the condemnation of the righteous law of God. The human race had sinned and the sons of the race must be punished. No man could pay the penalty for the sins of man because no man was himself free from the condemnation of sin; but God Himself, the sinless One, in the person of His Son incarnate in the flesh, paid the penalty for the sins of man. "For this cause," said He, speaking of His death, "came I into the world."

God did not become man to teach man how to live. Christ did not come into the world primarily to perform miracles—to restore the sight to the blind and hearing to the deaf, to send strength coursing through withered limbs. The miracles which He performed were indications of His Deity, the proofs of His power. They were the flowers which blossomed in His

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The Richest Man I Know

He doesn't have the biggest bank balance, but he's the wealthiest in
the things that really count—and one of the most grateful to his God

By EDWARD R. VINSON

BY ORDINARY standards, my nomination for the richest man is a failure almost any way you look at him. He is a lawyer, but he seldom goes to court; he is a writer, but he has sold only two articles. He is a second rate singer and piano player. He was a flop as a manufacturer. On top of all that, he is blind in one eye. Yet I consider him the richest man I know and one of the most thankful.

Drawde R. Nossiv, born November 4, 1909, was the youngest son of a Georgia farmer who raised peaches, pecans and pigs. The other three boys were loved by their father, but Drawde was his pride and joy. Everywhere they went, Drawde was called upon to recite poetry and perform. Possibly on one such occasion the little boy forgot his lines and suffered embarrassment; whatever the cause, Drawde discovered upon entering grade school that he was a stammerer.

Up until that moment life had been rosy; now it was misery. At home, at play, at school, everywhere there was defeat and disillusionment. On one bleak Friday afternoon in high school, when it was debate-time in the literary society, the affirmative was represented by two speakers whose words rolled off

their tongues. The negative was presented by two boys whose consonants hung in their throats. It was funny to the rest of the class, but it was torture for Drawde and his associate. At graduation, the burning embers were piled higher when the class prophet spoke his piece: "Drawde Nossiv, by the way, is a United States Senator," he said, "and is famed for his oratorical abilities. His perfect mastery of the English language and the eloquence of his delivery are both factors in his success as a public speaker."

It was a challenge that young Nossiv could not refuse. The gauntlet was flung down. He decided that day that he would be a lawyer, and that some day he would be able to stand before any group and speak with ease and with power.

DRAWDE enrolled in Emory University where no one knew him. He doggedly joined a debating club and was scheduled to speak the second month of school. To him this debate remains as clear today as it was in 1927.

Assigned the affirmative, Drawde spent many hours in the library assimilating the facts and planning his speech. In the back of his mind he planned what he would do if he failed,

but he knew that he could not; on this speech depended his future.

When his name was called, Drawde arose and stepped to the front of the auditorium. He began in a slow, humorous style, and before his first sentence was completed, the audience was laughing, this time not *at* him, but *with* him. He won the debate that morning, and he has been speaking ever since, wherever and whenever there is anyone who asks him.

WHEN Nossiv finished undergraduate school, the depression was in full swing and there was no money left on the farm, but Duke University came to the rescue. It gave him a scholarship and the chance he had dreamed of—to become a lawyer. When the grades were counted at the end of his freshman year, his were tenth from the top. Only nine scholarships were renewed. It was a discouraging blow at the time, but Nossiv is glad now that it happened because it made him get out and hustle. He bought a trailer second-hand for twenty-five dollars and, with a reconstructed model-A Ford, towed the house on wheels from the red hills of Georgia to the pinelands of North Carolina.

Nossiv and a classmate from South

Carolina christened their home the "Habeas Corpus" and upon the advice of baseball's immortal Jack Coombs, of the Duke Athletic Department, parked it in the Duke Forest, without anyone's consent. It had no facilities except a lantern and a fireplace painted on the door, but for two years it provided a healthy abode for Nossiv and his partner. When the bachelor of law degrees were handed to them in June of 1934, they sold the Habeas Corpus for twenty-five dollars.

January 8, 1935 found Nossiv stepping out of the railroad station in Dallas, Texas. He had tried every law firm in Macon and Atlanta, Georgia, but lawyers were having a hard enough time making ends meet without dragging any more anchor. The Department of Interior finally offered him a job as a Junior Special Agent and sent him to Texas—and here he has been ever since, except for short jaunts about the country.

The first such jaunt was to New England for his own wedding. The marriage has fared well, but there have been times, Drawde testifies, when things looked ominous. The first difficulty arose over a gallon of ice cream. In those days Nossiv was an advocate of the boiled custard variety. This method called for cooking a gallon of milk, stirring in eight eggs, letting it cool and then freezing the mixture. It made good ice cream, but took a long time, and dirtied a lot of dishes.

One July 4th, young Nossiv had been asked to make a gallon of chocolate ice cream for a picnic. He went through the preliminaries without incident and poured the hot custard into several pans, which he placed in a sink of water to cool. Nossiv left the kitchen for a few moments and when he returned, there were no pans of custard.

"Where is my ice cream?" he asked his wife.

She wrinkled her forehead. "What ice cream?"

"The ice cream that was cooling in the sink."

"Oh," said his wife, "I thought that was dirty dish water and I poured it down the drain."

Then came a crisis that did threaten the very roots of their marriage. When, after two years of marriage, they were told they could never have any children of their own blood, Drawde faced his blackest moment since that day in high school when he had stood before his class and lost a debate.

Roadblocks are hard for Nossiv to accept. Sometimes he just backs up and uses a broad jump to clear the barricade; other times there is no way to go over or under, and the only solution is to go around. This was one of that kind. Drawde and his wife adopted

"two of the finest and most beautiful children in America."

"If we had had children of our own," Nossiv says, "we would have to have taken whatever the good Lord saw fit to give us. By adopting them we were able to get exactly what we wanted!"

There was a third time in Drawde's life that things looked murky; that was in 1944 when a doctor told him there was a cataract on his left eye. He is blind in that eye today, but it doesn't



Peace On Earth

What though the angry nations rise
And hurl their hate against the skies!
What though great empires rage and
roar

And scatter death on every shore!

The Angels' song of "Peace on
Earth,"

Announcing Christ the Saviour's
birth,

Is still the song of "peace" and
"grace"

Unto a lost and sinful race.

And Christ, who came in lowly guise,
Shall come in "glory" to surprise
His enemies with deep dismay

When He begins His kingly sway.

May Christ, the Sovereign of your
heart,

Soon rule the world in every part,
And grant you "grace" and "joy" and
"peace"

Until the wars of earth shall cease!

—Joseph Taylor Britan



cause him too much concern. The cataract is an inside job and no one can tell he has it except the people he bumps into occasionally. Drawde's right eye is still good and he figures that so long as it holds out, he should not complain. "After all," says he, "there is only so much to be seen."

Before leaving law school, Nossiv and three classmates, from Arkansas, Illinois and South Carolina, made a pact to become governor of their respective states by 1955 and to hold a governors' conference on an island in

the Savanna River. Drawde has long since forgotten his ambition to be governor of Georgia and most people would probably say he has lost his ambition to be anything of importance. But it all depends on how you look at things, and what you consider important.

Nossiv puts in an honest day's work supervising the work of eleven attorneys in a government office. It is not exactly what he would like to be doing; it involves too many regulations and not enough law. It provides little room for advancement, and no hope for financial independence. On the other hand it affords him an opportunity to put into practice some of his theories about human relationships and to serve thousands of veterans who have lost their limbs, their minds or their health. That is not all—it gives him time to use other talents beside the one to make money.

One fall night in 1948, Nossiv read an article about a town in Connecticut where everyone did exactly what he or she found the most pleasure in doing. "I've always wanted to write," Drawde told his wife. "I'm going to call S.M.U. tomorrow and see if they have a course I can take." He did, and they did—starting the following evening. Nossiv was on the front row. Since that night his typewriter has clicked out an unending number of articles. Most of them have been about trips he has made with his wife and children. Only one of them has been accepted to date, and the editor who bought it was fired before it could be published, but that doesn't phase Nossiv. The articles are still rolling out and some day he is sure they will make a best seller—"The Best Life I Ever Lived," or maybe it will be called, "Rejected," in honor of those maddening little slips that keep the postman busy on the Nossiv street.

Today, Nossiv would rather write than anything else, but he will never be a de Maupassant or a Poe because there are too many other things he enjoys. Take the piano for instance. He studied on the piano for one year during high school and learned to play "The Dance of the Rosebuds," and "The Prisoner's Song," but it was not until 1951 that he learned to get some enjoyment out of playing.

Haircutting and piano playing do not usually have any connection, but they did in this case. Nossiv bought a pair of electric clippers and a pair of scissors when Drawde, Jr. came along, and to date his boy has never been inside a barber shop. Another lawyer found out about Nossiv's hidden talent and offered to give him a piano lesson in exchange for a haircut. The deal was made and since that night, the neigh-

(Continued on page 46)

Dead Man's Alley

It was the last stop for many men—until
Bowery Mission put up a curtain of hope

By DALE HAMILTON

ILLUSTRATOR: GEORGE WILSON

NOW that a steel curtain seals off Dead Man's Alley where once it spewed into Rivington Street, the cobblestoned lane will never be the same. Perhaps even its long-discarded rightful name will come back into usage and it will be called Freeman Alley.

But there are men who will never forget the alley as it was. Some of the old-timers will remember. On the way along Rivington Street to the Bowery, they will never pass the steel curtain without a quick, furtive look over their shoulders. And Ray Allen will never forget the shame and misery of Dead Man's Alley. For seven years he saw sights that burned into his heart. His small room at the back of Bowery Mission overlooked a narrow courtyard, and the alley was just beyond.

But now the steel curtain is in place, rolling up and down in massive channels bolted to the brick walls of buildings at the blind alley's open end. Now the curtain will stay down until it is opened from the inside to admit a delivery truck driving in the hundred feet or so to the back door of the second-hand office furniture company next to Bowery Mission, or the meat packing company across the alley, or to the tile company down below. The steel curtain shuts out the brawling by day and the terror by night. And a thick layer of concrete covers cobblestones that never could have been washed clean.

The curtain has changed the alley. It won't change the men who go by the alley on Rivington Street. But like a fence across the top of a cliff, it will keep some from falling over—or from being pushed.

For Dead Man's Alley earned its name the hard way. Some people will think that the story isn't pretty. That depends upon how one looks at it. A parable with the title, "The Evil Highwayman," doesn't sound very uplifting either. But in the hands of the greatest Storyteller who ever lived, it came out "The Good Samaritan," and people to this day read it and go and live better lives. The real story of Dead Man's Alley is not in the sordid crimes committed in its deep shadows. It is in the quick compassion of a person like Ray Allen. But you have to know what the alley is like to know what Ray is like.

The first night the new assistant spent at Bowery Mission, he heard a commotion under his window. Lying on his cot in his tiny room hardly larger than a clothes closet, he was awakened by the sudden scuffle, the one low, long groan. He leaped to his feet and looked out, but the courtyard below cut off his view. And by then, there was only the uneasy silence of the city. Shivering in the cold air, Ray lay down on his cot, and stared at the ceiling.

The next morning, he hurried down the back stairway of the Mission, to the vestibule just off the white-tiled kitchen, out into the courtyard. Lifting the big latch that barred the solid door, he stepped into Dead Man's Alley.

Ray didn't see the man at first, lying there under a pile of snow-drifted newspapers with only his shoeless feet sticking out. Ray stood there a moment, looking up and down, and then he saw. With quick steps he was at the man's side, cradling the head under his arm.

But that morning, Ray was too late.

Gently he withdrew his arm. His face was sober as, there on his knees, he prayed remorsefully, "Don't let me ever be too late again!"

The police took care of things. They knew all about Dead Man's Alley. "Mugging," was the verdict . . . (Continued on page 86)





THIS CHRISTMAS

Let The Little

THE BABIES of your flock are the future of your church family. Try letting everyone know how important you really feel the wee ones are. Christmas is a good time for this, for babies serve as a poignant reminder of the coming of the Christ Child long ago.

A carol serenade for babies born during the year is an idea that's different and effective. Parents should be informed of the date this is to take place by a letter from the pastor. Then they will be prepared when the choir, or preferably the Junior Choir, appears on the appointed evening to sing carols outside their door. Parents can bring their

“More Blessed to

REMEMBERING the less fortunate is a vital part of your holiday activity. Here are 20 suggestions for your list of charitable giving. Most of them are things for you to make—either in your women's groups or individually. Work your thoughts and heart into them and be doubly blessed in giving a part of yourself with your gift:

1. Balsam balls. Fresh fragrance of the wintry woods to keep a shut-in from feeling left out of the festivities. Just buy solid red or green handkerchiefs, strip needles from balsam boughs and fill handkerchiefs, fastening the corners securely together with an elastic band to form ball. Tie with a pretty ribbon. They may be hung on a bedpost or tucked away under a pillow, and when the balsam is gone the hanky remains for use.

2. Tray wreaths. Shape fine wire, such as that which comes on some milk bottle tops, into a circle approximately two inches in diameter, by bending around a jelly jar. Tape small pieces of evergreen and wire (or tie them with black thread) onto this circular wire. Decorate the tiny wreaths with small hemlock cones, bright red alderberries or barberries and a red ribbon bow. Wreaths may be laid on breakfast trays in hospitals and old people's homes. See “Make Your Own Merry Christmas” by Anne Wertsner, M. Barrows & Co., Inc., 1946.

3. Crocheted flower pot covers. Crochet pretty covers to decorate the plants you present to shut-ins. These tie on, and may be removed for washing. Or crochet a heartshaped sachet bag for fragrance under an invalid's pillow. Patterns for these are available in the new Star Book No. 89, “Gallery of Crochet and Knitting,” 10c, from The American Thread Co., 260 W. Broadway, New York 13.

4. Painted play areas. Cut the legs of a discarded dining table down to child-height and paint on the top a design of roads, rivers, fields, parking areas to give children a delightful terrain for building block villages and scooting toy cars, planes and boats. A similar area can be painted on a piece of linoleum. Cut away ragged edges of a used piece, or paint over an inexpensive new one. A fine gift

Children Come To Him

Woman's Place
IN THE CHURCH
EDITED BY *Jane Kirk*

children, particularly the smallest ones, to the window to watch and listen. Before the caroling caravan leaves, a book could be presented to the family—by the pastor if he accompanies the group. When the carolers return to the church, the women's group might have hot cocoa and sandwiches waiting.

Some churches have an appealing way of announcing the birth of new babies in the community. At Christ Episcopal Church, Glendale, Ohio, and at First Presbyterian Church, East Aurora, New York, the carillon plays special music for these occasions. In these small communities the

organist hurries to the church as soon as she hears of the baby's arrival. She first plays the Doxology, and when the townspeople hear these opening notes they step outside their houses and places of business to listen. The next selection is either "Little Boy Blue" or "Little Bo-Peep," in keeping with the arrival of a boy or girl! This is followed by a lullaby to the new citizen and a hymn to the mother.

You may think of other ways in which to feature the babies. Now is an ideal time to inaugurate customs that bring to the littlest ones, as well as to the grownups, their important share in community and church life.

Give . . . "

for an orphanage or nursery school.

5. Bird feeding station. Such a gift installed outside a bedroom window gives a male shut-in a closeup of the birds' winter activities. Patterns for making two different styles of feeding stations may be ordered from Workshop Pattern Service, CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bedford Hills, N.Y. Ask for pattern No. 208, Unusual Bird Feeders.

6. Christmas corsages. Make these of small clusters of almost any greens with a bit of dried salvia, barberries or cones tucked in artistically and the whole tied with a pretty ribbon. Make enough for everyone in an old ladies' home, nurses included. See "The Complete Book of Flower Arrangement," by Rockwell & Grayson, Doubleday & Co., Inc., 1947, for hints on making corsages.

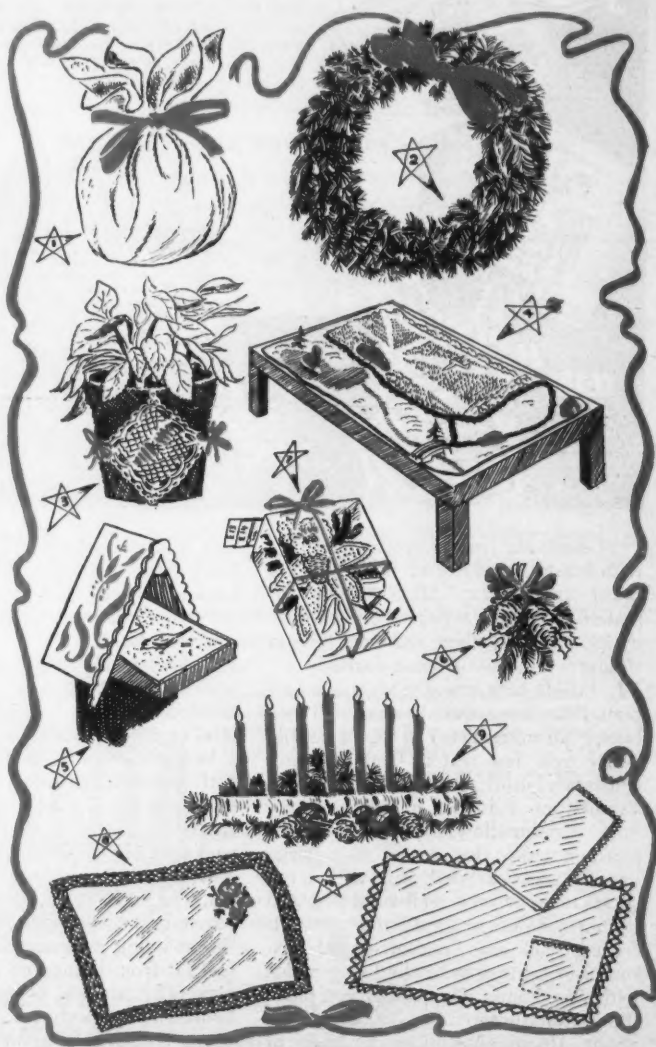
7. Crocheted orchid. For a nurse who is confined long hours in the care of an invalid. (She deserves a real one!) Put in a pretty box, and tuck into the petals a pair of movie tickets for her well-earned afternoon off. Directions found in Book No. 89, "Gallery of Crochet and Knitting," 10c from the American Thread Co., 260 W. Broadway, New York, 13.

8. Pillow covers. A ruffled pillowcase of flowered percale will lift spirits of shut-ins. Or buy pastel pillow cases and decorate with your own hand-made edging. Edge a handkerchief to match. Patterns for pretty new crocheted edgings are found in Book No. 277, "Crochet for your Linen Closet," and Book No. 282, "Handkerchief Edgings," each 10c from the Spool Cotton Co., 745 Fifth Ave., New York 22.

9. Multiple candle holder. In a piece of white birch or a straight block of wood drill one-inch holes at regular intervals to hold four or five candles, and paint a bright color. Arrange green branches around the base and tuck in Christmas tree ornaments. Any institution will appreciate this attractive centerpiece or mantel decoration.

10. Gay place mats. On your sewing machine whip up tray sets from inexpensive cotton fabrics. You can invent all sorts of interesting trimming patterns

(Continued next page)



Pictured here are ten of our twenty suggestions for your Christmas giving. These easy-to-make items will brighten someone's holiday.



Transfer Designs in color

836

Needle Novelties

836. Add glamour to your kitchen at practically no cost! Just iron on! 16 motifs from 1" x 12" to 3 1/4" x 6 1/4". 8 in red and blue. 8 in blue and yellow.

7311. Fun to make motifs! Easy to embroider and pretty to display. Each is about 5" x 7".

625. Scraps can make your kitchen prettier! Easy to sew flower-like potholders. Basket holder too. Pattern pieces for set.

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS (in coin) for each pattern to: CHRISTIAN HERALD #223 Needlecraft Department, P.O. Box 162, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N.Y. An additional TWENTY CENTS will bring you the Needlecraft Catalog.

625

7311

(Continued from previous page)
with borders of flowered braid, looped braid and ric-rac. Make napkin to match, and add a pocket in the mat which will hold silver and keep it from sliding while tray is being carried.

11. Edible tray wreath. Melt one-half pound fresh marshmallows and 1/4 cup butter (or margarine) in top of double boiler over hot water. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture is of the consistency of a heavy molasses syrup. Pour marshmallow mixture over one package crisp rice cereal in a large heavily greased bowl. Stir with large spoon or your own well-scrubbed and buttered hands until all the cereal is coated. Pack marshmallow-cereal mixture into greased individual ring molds with your hands. The tighter you pack, the better the wreath. Chill molds for about 10 minutes. Loosen edge of cereal ring with a spatula. Gently force ring out of mold. Attach a bright ribbon

bow and dot with cinnamon candies. Then let wreaths stand overnight to harden. Makes 15 wreaths, but you can use fewer molds and make them up as you need them.

12. Preserves from your storeroom. Collect enough to provide a jar for everyone in your local veteran's hospital or mission home. Wrap each with a lace paper doily tied over the top with silvery Christmas ribbon or tinsel. Tuck into the bow a pencil with a crossword puzzle rolled around it, a package of chewing gum, fragrant greens, or a candy cane.

13. The perennial apron. A thoughtful remembrance for women from foreign shores living in your community, who feel far from home and loved customs especially at this season. From one housewife to another it speaks the universal language of home. Make up the style you prefer to wear yourself in a couldn't-be-prettier fabric, and it will

make her think of American friendliness every time she ties it round her waist.

14. Flat evergreen trees. Make these any size, to hang in a window, at the foot of a bed or on a door, or to lay on a tray. Use the cardboard your laundry sends with men's shirts to cut out a pyramid shape with a small trunk and a tub-shaped base. Sew pieces of evergreen to this card, starting at the bottom with the larger branches and working one side and then the other. Save a nice pointed piece for the top. Then fill in the center of the tree with more evergreen. The trunk will be sufficiently covered by the greens. But cover the tub with red or green ribbon or oil cloth, adding an extra strip or folding it over at the top to give a rim-like appearance. Fasten this securely at the back with cellophane tape. Cover the stitches on the back with another piece of cardboard cut the same shape. You don't have to trim this tree, but provide a loop for hanging.

15. Doll house and furniture. Hours of pleasure for the little girls of some orphanage. Make a doll house of two orange crates set on top of each other, or, if you prefer, follow a pattern. A design for a four-room doll house with removable front costs 25c. Patterns for doll house furniture to be made from blocks of scrap lumber and other odds and ends are also 25c. Address Workshop Pattern Service, CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bedford Hills, New York. Ask for pattern No. 273, Doll House, and No. 274, Doll House Furniture.

16. Scrapbooks. Foreign students in a nearby college will not feel so "foreign" when they receive a simple gift with a true American flavor. Give them scrapbooks for collecting mementoes and clippings from their visit in our land. For directions on how to make scrapbooks send one cent in coin to Mrs. M. Wilson, Here's An Idea Service, 300 Howard St., Framingham, Mass.

17. Dainty headbands. Teen-age girls adore a bright bit of decoration to fasten in their hair. For those in an orphanage make attractive headbands of plastic icicle clips from the ten-cent store. Cover with wide, flat, velvet ribbon, with loops and ends hanging down to cover both sides, or with velvet tubing, also available in the dime stores. Add a colorful bunch of artificial flowers for a gay touch, or provide a selection to use alternately.

18. Knitting. Make various simple things that a mission house might distribute. Knitted washcloths could be wrapped together with a bar of soap and a sprig of evergreen with a red ribbon. Plain scarves in stockinette stitch in sizes for children or adults are warm gifts. Stocking caps, mittens, or socks are more elaborate to make but

they are always most acceptable.

19. Small crocheted rug. In fresh colors and bright new design this is a comforting thing to have beside an invalid's bed or in front of the chair in which he or she will sit. Choose a pattern to make from the new Star Book No. 93, "Crocheted Rugs," 10c, from The American Thread Co., 260 W. Broadway, New York 13.

20. Box creche. Turn a box (convenient size for a mantel) on its side. From the bottom of box (now the back) cut out star shapes with razor blade, then line the box with light blue crepe paper pasted in place. Slash strips of green crepe and wrap around short wires to form Christmas trees for each corner of the box. Dress clothespins in crepe paper to make nativity figures—flowing white gowns for both Mary and Joseph, with a head-piece for Mary and gold notorial seals for the halos. The crib is easily fashioned from a box top covered with looped bands of crepe paper. Place box in front of electric light bulb, and your creche will be attractively illuminated by the soft blue light showing through the cutout stars. This will make a friendly gift for a mission house orphanage.

IDEAS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL

BIRTHDAY Cake for the Christ Child—Special feature for the Cradle Roll department on the last Sunday before Christmas. Present them with a lovely big cake frosted in white with a single white candle burning in the center. Place it on a tall standard and arrange evergreen branches and Christmas balls around it. Singing "Happy Birthday, Dear Jesus," and partaking of the birthday cake will imprint in young minds the real significance of Christmas.

Tree of Brotherly Love—For the older grades of your Sunday school a flat wall-tree cut out of colored corrugated paper makes an appropriate decoration. Trim it with tiny dolls dressed in costumes of various nations and peoples. See how many authentic foreign dolls you can collect among your women's group, or dress them yourself with bright odds and ends from the scrap bag.

ANSWER PLEASE!

DO YOU still observe a Watch Night Service in your church? Or has it been dropped for lack of interest in recent years? How can such services be made more appealing? Write and give us your ideas for stimulating interest in this traditional service.

(Woman's Place continues next page)

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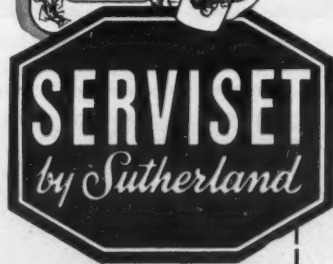
Send in the coupon below with \$1.00 and you will receive a sales sample kit consisting of—

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- 2 Pkgs. Tablecover, ROSE & IVY (1 each)
- 2 Pkgs. Napkins, ROSE & IVY (1 each)

These are all matching designs of paper plates, cups, napkins and tablecover. You can sell one complete matching set for \$1.00 and more than double your money.

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DISH CLOTHS are woven to give better service than old-style knitted cloths. Don't retain grease and dirt. Have abrasive quality. Keep shape. Last longer. For easy selling, both towels and cloths are attractively packaged in colorful cellophane (two to a package). Just show these towels—they sell themselves!

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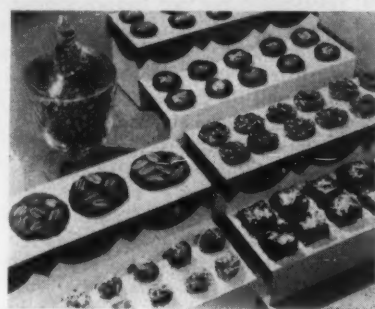
CANDY IS quick, easy and fun to make with modern ingredients, such as dry cereals, condensed milk and semi-sweet chocolate morsels. Combine them in any number of interesting ways for pretty and appetizing holiday confections.

For your Christmas-season bazaars why not dress up your homemade candies in special gift boxes? This gives them a professional look plus their real homemade goodness.

Collect a number of shallow boxes which will hold approximately a pound of candy each. Buy a selection of pretty glazed papers (you will find them easiest to work with), wide ribbons of smart contrasting colors, lace paper doilies, clear cellophane and cellophane tape.

Cover tops and bottoms of boxes separately. Cut and fold the paper as you would to wrap a package, tucking the ends neatly over the sides of the box and securing them with cellophane tape. Cut a piece of the glazed paper with which you are wrapping your box and lay it in the bottom without pasting. Cut lace doilies in half and fasten the cut edges to the sides of your box with cellophane tape in such a way that they will fold over, making a pretty scalloped border around the candies. The top of the box is covered the same as the bottom.

No need to waste ribbon by tying it all around the box. A strip diagonally placed across opposite corners and fastened under the lid with more cello-



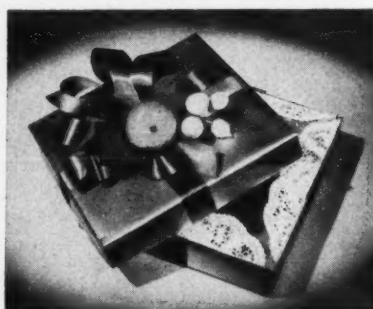
This assortment of holiday goodies can be made from one quick fudge recipe.

phane tape will give a professional effect. Make a fat loop of ribbon and secure it to one of the ribbon strips with a piece of string to look like a bow. Into the center of the bow glue a sprig of holly, a cluster of marzipan fruits, some gilded nuts, a wishbone, tiny bells, a Santa Claus face, or anything your fancy dictates. Combine silver paper with gold ribbons and silver and gold bells; white paper with red ribbon and tiny boy and girl figures made of wound-up yarn; pine green paper with white ribbons and a real pine twig; red paper with white ribbons and a candy cane.

The gift box illustrated here shows how lace paper doilies may be used to decorate the inside edges of the bottom of a box. When candies have been arranged, and lace edges folded down over them, cover the whole box with a clear piece of cellophane, using cellophane tape to hold it securely in place. Then your boxes may be displayed for sale with the pretty covers set part-way off, to show the intriguing contents.

Boxes should be decorated a month or more in advance of the sale, and when candy is made up and brought to the church fresh from home kitchens, a packaging crew can be on hand to make up the boxes. Airtight cellophane coverings will keep the candy fresh.

If you would like our recipes for candies including those pictured on this page and others equally attractive clip and mail the coupon below.



Gay gift boxes dress up your homemade candies. Below, peanut Bars of Gold can be wrapped in colored cellophane.



Woman's Place Dept. (12-52)
Christian Herald
27 E. 39th St., New York 16

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Name
(Please print)

Address

City State

HE FOUND A WAY TO HELP

(Continued from page 6)

talked on, late into the evening, and when they were through they had created the Evangelical Memorial Benevolent Fund to help the sick and injured. The Christian F. Fenn Memorial Fund was its beginning. Here was the practical plan the preacher had been searching for. They agreed to buy sickroom equipment for the community.

Four years later this fund, which began with seven hundred dollars, had grown to more than four thousand dollars, and over one hundred pieces of equipment were in circulation.

The pattern was set, right at the start. Says Mr. Peters, "We agreed to lend the equipment to *anyone* who needed it. He pointed an index finger at a card file on his desk. "In that file are the names of all the people we have helped. Some are rich. Most of them aren't. There are old people who are bedridden, and youngsters who sprint down the street on crutches and broken ankles. There are members of every church in the community—eighty per cent of our requests are from outside of the Reformed Church."

The Fund is administered by a committee of four, Mr. Peters acting as secretary and treasurer. There is a committee member from the church council, one from the Women's Guild and a representative from the church Sunday school. One of the busiest men on the project is soft-spoken Walter Raess, a retired businessman now living in Tell City, who acts as custodian of the equipment. Mr. Raess sterilizes, makes minor repairs, delivers equipment.

Mr. Peters points to the various pieces of equipment that are stored in a church workroom, and says, half-apologetically, half-proudly, "There's not much here. It's in use, you know. We have all kinds of things—seventeen hospital beds with mattresses, rubber sheeting, overbed tables, even metal swings for patients with fractures." There are also twenty-eight wheel chairs, thirty-seven pairs of crutches, twelve wooden walkers, three metal walkers, one air-conditioning unit, and many other items.

Mr. Raess delivers some articles in his own car. "But for large equipment, such as beds," he explains, "we borrow trucks from businessmen. They are all anxious to help. Many times, if the patient lives in the country, some member of his family will come in with a truck."

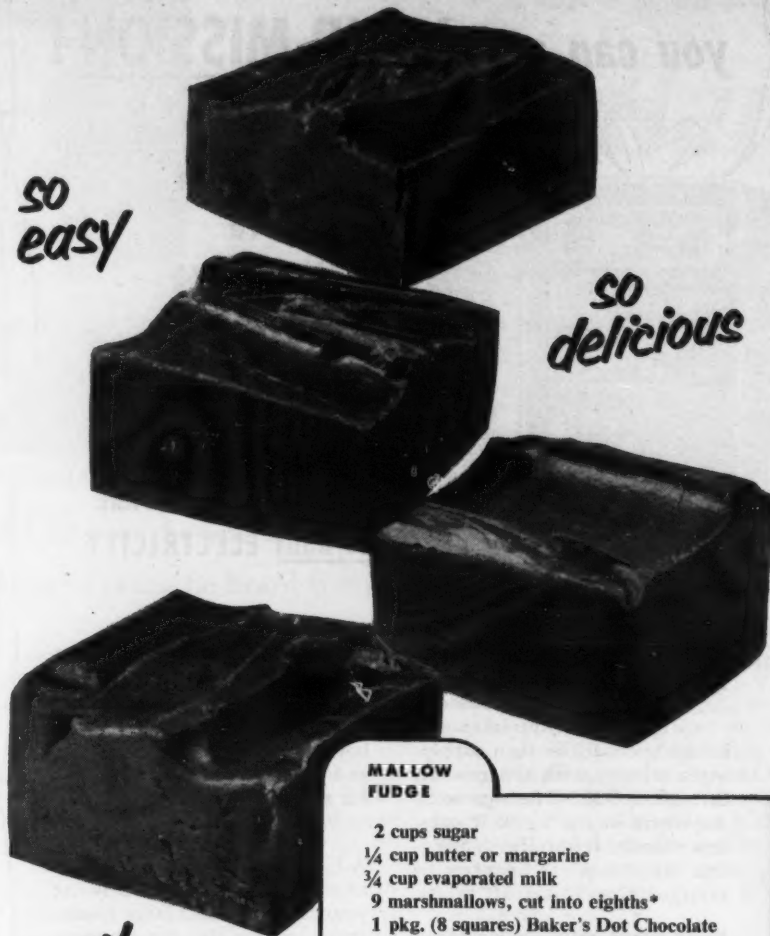
The Benevolent Fund is supported by voluntary contributions. Everyone in Tell City is invited to add to the fund as a memorial to his own dead. The \$4000 that has been received has come largely from memorial donations;

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Homemade Christmas Candies

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easy

so
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is made to make candy!

MALLOW FUDGE

- 2 cups sugar
- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- ¾ cup evaporated milk
- 9 marshmallows, cut into eighths*
- 1 pkg. (8 squares) Baker's Dot Chocolate

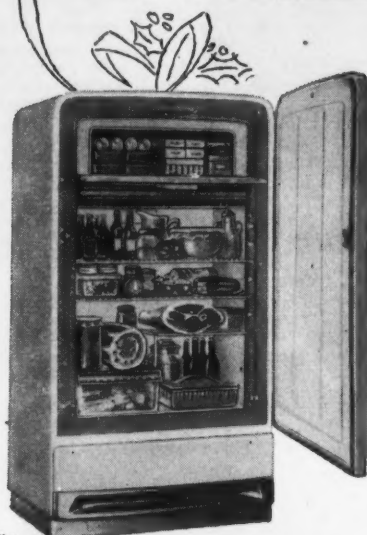
Combine sugar, butter, evaporated milk, and marshmallows in saucepan. Place over low heat, stirring until sugar is dissolved and marshmallows are melted. Bring to a boil and boil 4 minutes, stirring constantly. Add chocolate and stir until chocolate is partly melted. Then remove from heat and stir rapidly until entirely melted. Pour into greased 9-inch square pan. Cool. Cut into 1-inch squares. Makes about 7 dozen pieces, or about 2 pounds fudge.

*If desired, use 1 cup marshmallow sauce in place of marshmallows. This makes a slightly softer fudge.



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cards are mailed to families of deceased persons. With each card goes a coin envelope for the contribution. Gifts may be dropped in the church offering plate or given personally to the pastor or to a member of the Fund committee.

The longest period, so far, that any piece of equipment has been on loan was twenty-eight months. One man used a bed from May, 1945, until August, 1946. Frequently, supplies will be returned, then loaned out again the same day. "Incidentally," Mr. Peters adds, "we have delivered equipment quite a distance from town. One Easter Sunday we took a wheel chair to an old lady who lived thirty miles from here."

Mr. Peters also recalls the Sunday morning that a woman fell and broke her leg as she was getting out of a taxi in front of the church. Within an hour after the fall, a hospital bed and a wheel chair were delivered to her home.

Mr. Raess continues, "I think I most enjoy taking equipment to children. There was a fourteen-year-old boy who had polio. He lived out in the country, in the hills, and they had to carry water up to the house to fill his bathtub. We took him a bed, and he was so proud of it he kept talking about it for a long while afterward.

"Then I remember a little girl with a heart ailment. I installed a bed in her house, and she didn't say a word while I worked—just stared at me with her big sad eyes. As I started to leave she called to me and shyly said, 'Thank you, Mr. Raess, thank you very much for the bed.' Little things like that mean a lot."

Mr. Peters and his group have aided many other persons. Because a hospital bed was available, a disabled soldier spent Christmas with his parents in nearby Rockport. Because crutches were provided, a student at St. Meinrad Abbey who had fractured his leg was able to return to his studies. With the aid of a metal walker an eleven-year-old spastic child, who had never walked alone, is learning to use his legs.

"We hear that other groups are planning services like ours," the preacher says. "We were told that a group in Huntingburg, Indiana, has purchased eight hospital beds and that all of these are now in use."

Mr. Peters got up and looked out of the window at the red-brick church across the street. "I've even thought of adding a nursery program to our service—high chairs, coaches, play pens, scales—but that is still very much in the future."

Then he motioned to Mr. Raess. "Come on, Walter! We've got five calls to make this afternoon." **THE END**



Missionary William C. Booth and his wife Elsie

Million Dollar Missionary

By RUTH C. IKERMAN

For an uneventful lifetime he was an unsung teacher in China.

Then, in his retirement years, he heard from a former student . . .

INSIDE THE mission classroom, the students opened their shorthand notebooks. Swiftly they stroked curves and pothooks as their sandy-haired American instructor dictated in his correct Chinese.

The mild, clear voice, rising and falling with the precise Mandarin inflection, never faltered. But William C. Booth, the teacher, was thinking of home. Always at this time of year when the winter-locked North China landscape was beginning to respond to the gentle urgings of spring, he remembered Illinois. The corn would be planted by now.

But a mind disciplined by years of dedicated service does not easily slip away for long, and the missionary brought his wandering thoughts back to the familiar scene before him. As young men, these Chinese youths bent over their desks were no different from the young men who would be finishing at Northwestern this year. With an inward wry smile, the teacher acknowledged the tightening in his chest which came at the thought: another year in China.

How many years had it been? He did not need to ask, for it was that very morning at breakfast that Elsie had counted twenty-three. Was she ever homesick for Illinois?

Of this he was sure: she shared his pride in his boys. He taught them English, the Bible, advanced commercial subjects, and guided them as they developed into valuable assistants to Chinese businessmen. But he didn't

stop there. Conscientiously, he tried, and perhaps in some instances by God's grace succeeded, to equip them with Christian principles which would guide them throughout life.

The members of this class soon would be scattered in business offices over a wide area, as were members of previous classes, for the fame of the Yih Wen Commercial School had spread beyond the borders of Shantung province. In all modesty, for he was a humble man, he knew that he had something to do with the demand for graduates of this school. The shorthand textbook which these young men were using was the first volume of its kind to be copyrighted by a foreigner in China. He had compiled it when the need for it became clear. It had not been easy, adapting Gregg

shorthand symbols to a Chinese devised phonetic alphabet.

William Booth was suddenly aware that one of the students was standing at his desk. With many apologies, the boy asked him to repeat a sentence he had not managed to get down in shorthand. The passage was a biblical quotation: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

It soon became apparent to the teacher that it was not the words which had bothered the boy, so much as the meaning. Mr. Booth turned to the class to explain what it meant to let one's light shine in a dark place. How well he knew!

Perhaps the eyes of the young men showed a gleam of amusement as they



One of these students of Yih Wen Commercial School's class of 1925 was later to donate a million dollars to the Board of Missions. Booth is at extreme left.



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listened—for what was this but another version of their teacher's favorite admonishment: "Ye are the salt of the earth"? So often did he quote this verse that sometimes, slyly, they would tease him—even though they might take the reminder to heart.

After the class was dismissed, Mr. Booth sat quietly at his desk for a few moments. It was hard, on this day, to look ahead and see into the careers which awaited these young men. His mind stopped for a moment on the youth whose question had led to the discussion. There was a good, average student, rather quiet on the whole, likeable. He was not one of the most brilliant. He wasn't a young man who put himself forward or who sought special favors. If anyone had asked, that spring morning twenty-five years ago, Mr. Booth would have replied that young Lee (as we shall call him, since his real name cannot be revealed) would probably have a long, steady career, with nothing dramatic or unusual about it. Certainly, the teacher would never have picked that young student as one who would remember for a quarter century or more those few words about letting the light shine out.

William Booth ran into Lee, again at a class reunion half a dozen years later. He learned that his former pupil was doing well enough in business; but beyond that, there was nothing to indicate that his success was spectacular.

So the years unrolled. Finally, their uneventful labors finished, the Booths came home to America.

It was in 1946, when they were living in Florida, that the letter arrived from Lee. He was coming to the United States. He was anxious to talk with his old teacher, and suggested a meeting in New York. Mr. Booth came up from Florida expecting nothing more than a reunion at which the old school-tie would be considerably agitated. But it wasn't long until he began to realize that this was to be no casual get-together.

The dignified, prosperous, exquisitely-tailored Chinese gentleman who took him to one of New York's finest restaurants, was obviously accustomed to the best. When the first course was set before them, Mr. Booth, waiting for his host to pick up his fork, saw his former student quietly bow his head for a silent blessing.

To the old teacher, it was like a benediction on his long years of service, an answer to those who were saying: "You wasted your life! Now that the Communists have taken over in China, all that is lost."

The two men discussed the impact of the war and the political situation on the life of the Chinese. How much of the old would remain after the con-

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flict was all over? the teacher wondered. Lee, the Chinese Christian, replied quietly that what the missionaries had done for the Chinese, *that* much would remain.

Presently, Lee brought up the reason for the meeting. He had long wanted to show his appreciation of his missionary education. He was able now, after more than twenty years, to view it in the proper perspective. He had been trained to be of practical service, and this had given him his start in the commercial world. More than that, he had brought away with him a way of life. Since the school could not be restored at this time, he had another idea, and he hoped for his teacher's cooperation.

What did Mr. Booth think of building a home for retired missionaries? Would it serve a good purpose to have such a place—say, in Southern California? If his old teacher approved, Lee would get in touch with the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions in New York and ask them to please accept a million dollars.

The mission teacher gripped the table as hard as he had sometimes grasped the edge of his desk in China when he was trying to explain what had led him to volunteer for a life of service in a strange land. He managed to gulp out complete approval. Lee then asked whether he would serve, with Mrs. Booth, as his representatives on the committee which would need to be appointed to choose the site, approve the plans, supervise the building, and so on. Mr. Booth thought both of them would enjoy it. So they parted.

Back in Florida some weeks later, Mr. Booth found a letter from the Mission Board saying that Lee's check for a million dollars had been cleared, and how soon would he be ready to start on his new job?

THAT is how the Booths moved to Whittier, California, to a pretty new house not far from Duarte, where Westminster Gardens, a home for retired missionaries, is located. The committee had decided to buy a 27-acre estate, beautifully landscaped and complete with tennis courts and a swimming pool. The buildings were admirably suited to their purpose. The main house, a U-shaped mansion, had been built so that there were five independent apartments, each with its separate entrance.

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plicants waiting for the cheery apartments.

To hear Mr. Booth, you'd think he had nothing to do with it! He points out that he was only one of several missionaries who influenced that unspectacular student. He adds that Mrs. Booth undoubtedly was largely responsible, for she mothered all the students, listened to their troubles, taught them grammar and commercial arithmetic. Lee came from a Christian family; his father had been converted by one of the early missionaries. "They all paved the way; I was only the instrument," he warns. "Remember that."

But Elsie Booth, a silver-haired, sweet-faced woman, who will soon celebrate her golden wedding anniversary, shakes her head when her husband attempts to credit her with influencing the young student.

"Grammar, grammar, grammar, it was always my job to teach grammar," she says. "No one ever was grateful for having nouns and verbs stuffed down his throat!"

Then she talks about her capable husband. "He spoke the local dialect so well that often he would be mistaken for a Chinese over the telephone or from behind a door or screen." But to make shorthand out of Chinese was a Gargantuan task, she says. William Booth not only adapted shorthand symbols to a bewildering alphabet, but he added symbols and compiled lists of abbreviated forms and phrases. He first tried out the system on classes of "guinea-pig" volunteers. When he was satisfied, he arranged for the printing of a Chinese shorthand manual. It became a basic book. Mrs. Booth pointed to a copy of the first edition, in their Whittier bookcase. It is one of their cherished possessions.

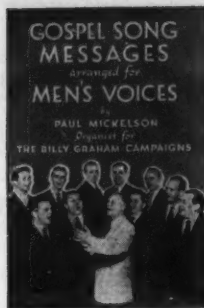
Seventy-four-year-old William Booth pointed to another cherished book—a Chinese dictionary which he purchased when he first arrived in China in order to perfect his writing of Chinese characters. It was forty years before he had enough time to use it properly. The time arrived one morning marked on U.S. calendars as Sunday, December 7, 1941. Mr. Booth had left the mission station to attend an executive meeting held at the port city of Tsingtao.

He was the only American aboard the Japanese steamer taking him there. Presently, the Japanese in charge of gendarmes aboard ship came to him and said, "You are my prisoner. Japan and America are at war."

When the boat docked, Mr. Booth did not attend the meeting, needless to say! He was thankful that Mrs. Booth was safe in the States with the chil-

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dren, for he was kept a house prisoner for six months. It was then that he had leisure to study his dictionary and to perfect his Chinese characters. Loyal Chinese students risked their lives to visit him. They warned him never to return to Chefoo, for the Japanese occupation officers who had taken over the district and the mission station with it, considered him "Number Two Bad Man." Already the "Number One Bad Man," a local business executive, had been executed.

He never did return to Chefoo, but sailed on the *Gripsholm* for America when arrangements for his release were finally completed. All his personal possessions, books, furniture and pictures were left behind. The few Chinese things the Booths have in their house in Whittier had been brought over on furloughs.

Among mementos and their wedding pictures, two other pictures have prominent places. One is a photograph of the fine-looking Chinese who was president of the commercial college, and his four small sons. They are chubby little boys, smiling broadly and happily. Then there is a snapshot of the same family, taken after the Japanese occupation. The children are almost unrecognizable. Gone are the dimples. Four emaciated children, with the toothpick legs and arms of the starving, are staring dully out of unsmiling faces.

The Japanese have gone. "But now the Communists are in possession of the school buildings," Mr. Booth said sadly. "They decree what the children must learn and who must teach them."

He was silent for a time, then continued, "But no matter who has the upper hand, we can count on the Chinese Christians! Propaganda will try to tell us they have gone over to Stalin. But I know from experience during the Japanese occupation, they will not forget their faith. We can count on them! Men may disappear—true enough—but Christianity can't be liquidated. Not even by Stalin."

And as I walked slowly down the driveway from the Booth home to my car, I thought again of the verse that had troubled Lee as he stood by the desk of his teacher so long before. "Let your light so shine. . . ." Even when careful work seems for the time to be unrewarded, *let it shine*. Even when drudgery makes light-holders around the world and light-givers at home grow weary, *let it shine*. Even when the side of the church envelope marked "For Others" requires sacrifice, *let it shine!*

For some day, somewhere, because you were faithful, men will glorify your Father and theirs. William Booth's dedicated life proves it. **END**

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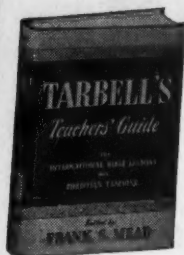
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THE New Books

Reviewed by
DANIEL A. POLING

DEAR DOROTHY DIX, *The Story of a Compassionate Woman*, by Harnett T. Kane with Ella Bentley Arthur (Doubleday, 320 pp., \$3.50).

The career of Dorothy Dix is a Miss Horatio Alger story. For nearly half a century, her column was the most widely read in the world—not excepting Eleanor Roosevelt's in the last decade of the Dix era. Wholesome, homespun and filled with understanding, this remarkable writer became the adviser to literally millions of men and women.

The present volume is biographical, but written with the running pen of romantic fiction. Dorothy Dix not only knew the answers, but she phrased them in simple, living English. They had the universal touch. Written for you, they applied to me and to all my human kin. Dorothy knew her America and the most comprehensive cross-section of American lives and life ever serviced by an American writer. Those who bury themselves in these absorbing pages will come upon many surprises—as, for instance, the brief but vivid co-partnership of Dorothy with Carrie Nation of Kansas.

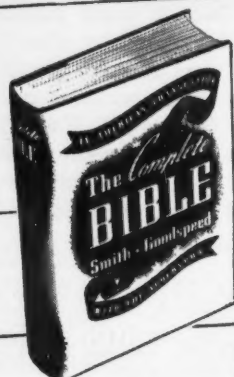
This book is almost as encyclopedic as the mind of Dorothy Dix and reads as delightfully as her answers.

BEYOND THE HIGH HIMALAYAS, by William O. Douglas (Doubleday, 352 pp., \$5).

Justice William O. Douglas of the United States Supreme Court, who three years ago advocated writing off and denouncing Nationalist China as "corrupt," on his recent visit to Formosa predicted "Free China will succeed" in its struggle against communism. In this his latest book Justice Douglas reveals himself again, and perhaps more brilliantly than before, as the most intelligently traveled American of his generation. Also he is one of the most eloquent and lucid writers of our time. His volumes are discriminating best-sellers and, as a good will salesman, the United States has produced few who can equal him. I still disagree with him in his appraisal of Red China and the significance of the Moscow-inspired revolution, but Mr. Douglas is making rapid progress! This book is the best of his library to date.

THE MEMOIRS OF HERBERT HOOVER 1929-1941 (Macmillan, 503 pp., \$5).

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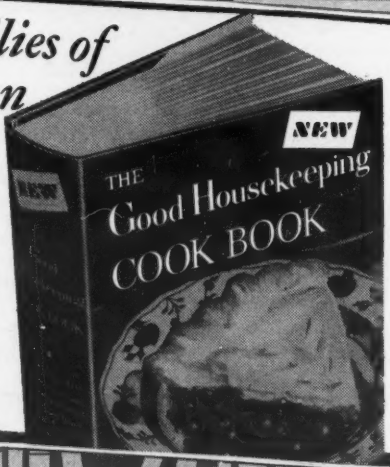
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UNDER THE SEA WIND, by Rachel L. Carson (Oxford, 314 pp., \$3.50).

This delightful volume by the author of the remarkable best-seller, "The Sea Around Us," was Miss Carson's first book, which was published more than ten years ago. In this new edition it will come to the attention of thousands of readers who never saw it and who will discover now how much they missed. I have enjoyed it as much as I enjoyed "The Sea Around Us." While it is a careful and discriminating naturalist's picture of ocean life, it is told with all the restrained emotional quality of a great romantic novel.

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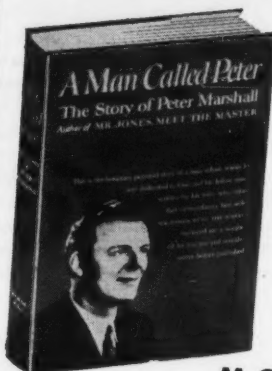
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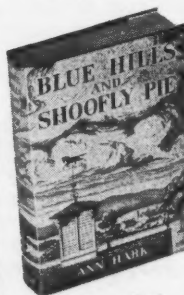
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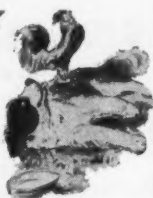
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THE RICHEST MAN I KNOW

(Continued from page 30)

bors have heard all kinds of music emanating from the Nosniv homestead.

Nosniv has gone off in many and varied directions since law school days, but on one course he has held steady. He speaks at every opportunity, whether it be in a courtroom or before a handful of boys and girls in Sunday school. He remembers with most satisfaction the time he spoke before seventy-five supervisors in the government department where he is employed. His subject was "Morale." Nosniv had made a careful survey of the five hundred employees to discover and to analyze their problems. In his speech he turned the spotlight upon the "little Caesars" in the organization who were making the lives of their fellow employees miserable. He recommended less pressure and more milk of human kindness. Morale is better today and Nosniv likes to think that maybe his speech had a little part in bringing this about. However long or loud the applause may ring, Drawde never forgets to close his eyes for a moment and say a silent prayer to God for letting him speak.

Drawde teaches a class of high school seniors on Sunday mornings. Sometimes he brings his wife along and the two of them take the parts of parent and child, and dramatize the problems that confront the high school students of today; at other times there are round

table discussions, but most of the time, Nosniv takes lessons from the Bible and illustrates them from his own rich experiences in the world. Still, no matter how serious his intentions and high his motives, Nosniv never fails to appreciate a good joke, especially when it happens to be at his expense.

One Sunday morning Nosniv had delivered a talk that he was unusually proud of. He had put a lot of time and effort into the preparation of the speech, and when it was over he asked if there were any questions. The son of a famous trial attorney raised his hand. Nosniv smiled broadly at this display of interest in the subject matter. "What is your question?" he asked.

"Where," said the boy, "did you buy that necktie?" Nosniv told him.

The Human Engineering Corporation, which administers aptitude tests, would probably advise Nosniv that he is a man who lacks direction in life, and that he should settle upon one field of activity, and lend it all of his efforts and energies. If he were to do so, Nosniv might become the owner of a million silver dollars, but men do not become rich from silver; they become rich from living, making friends and enjoying the good things on earth. By that test, Drawde R. Nosniv is the richest man I know. And no one knows him better than I—for we are one and the same.

THE END

THIS IS THE PROMISE

(Continued from page 24)

mother's roof. In Nashville, the older daughter will fill the little stockings of two girl babies and recall her own stocking hung by our mantelpiece. Perhaps one of the twins will be with us, here. But wherever they are, they will remember.

This is the gay and lighter face of this sacred season. The other face, two faces on a pure gold coin, is solemn and thrilling. It is promise and hope—the hope of all the world. It is the salvation and glory which has endured for nearly two thousand years.

I write, of course, before Christmas, but I write myself into Christmas. The rain I hear as I sit beneath the lamplight, is not rain but the soft purr of falling snow. The stars are this night obscured but I can see them, in this coming December. For December is a month of stars.

Believe me, it is easy to project oneself into Christmas—on the grayest, saddest November day, in an apple orchard, in the rose-white spring, or looking out on blazing August skies. For Christmas is twelve months of the

year. It is always with us—the promise, the hope, the salvation, the wonder and the glory. Christ is born every day, in every month, in every year, in any heart which turns to Him in praise, in thanksgiving, and in love.

Some time back a CHRISTIAN HERALD reader, the wife of a clergyman now living in the south, wrote to me. She said, in effect, that she had read my stories and then read an article by me in CHRISTIAN HERALD and said to herself, "Why, I do believe she's a Christian!"

This simple statement startled and, for a moment, wounded me. It had never occurred to me that anyone could doubt this. Of course I have written a great many novels and stories, long and short, which I suppose people would call, in an old-fashioned term, "worldly." I do not always look at life through rose-tinted glasses. I am aware of evil as well as of good. I have sometimes written of it. I have written grave stories and gay stories. In many, I have tried to reflect the changing, superficial standards of my era, the modes and

manners—or lack of manners—and have always had an ear for the casual conversation which goes on about me. But I did not dream that, because of this, any living person would doubt my most treasured, prideful claim.

I do not believe that I have ever tried to make evil attractive, nor have failed to indicate the tragedy of error and the bitter payment. And I've always tried to incorporate the hard kernel of truth into the lightest meringue. I write, not very well, not nearly as well as I wish I could. I write as I see and feel things.

In this connection, I want to say that sometimes I write something which is a little better than my capacity. This I know; I believe it is so because upon these very few occasions I have given up struggling with the limited and recalcitrant mind and surrendered to the spirit. I don't mean that this help is sustained. If it were I would indeed become a great writer. My limitations are such that I cannot hold the spirit fast for very long. Only here a sentence or there a clear word. It comes not from me but from elsewhere. I pray for it; and it is given to me.

This is the spiritual assistance—and I say it in the deepest possible humility—which can come only from God. I believe it is inherent in everyone, writer, artist, teacher, and in those who are not engaged in the arts and professions. It is that which helps us to endure the unendurable, a period of grief, a period of struggle and despair, and it gives to us the second strength we did not dream we possessed, after our own physical, mental and emotional stamina is utterly exhausted.

Now the rain comes down harder. It is like drum beats and the wind blows, but I am lost in a dream of snow and stars. For the Christmas Star is a shining hope, a silver flame which cannot be quenched; not by sorrow or distrust; never by war or rumor of war. This is the month of stars—the month of the Promised Star, which will never fail us who seek it, who experience the healing light.

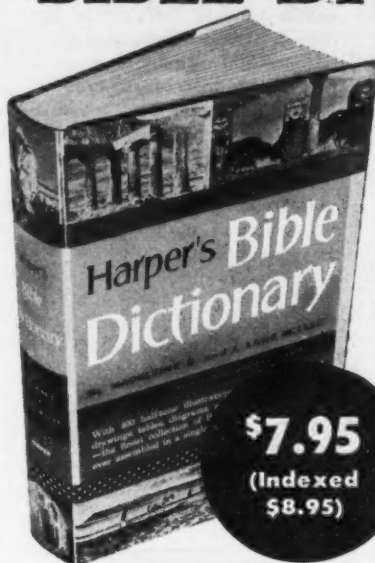
Christmas is not happy for everyone. There are those who are alone, who have been alone for a long time, and those recently left lonely. There are those who suffer great pain, in their own persons, or feeling the knife turn in another's wound. There are those who are disillusioned, who are in desperate straits, who are confined, beaten, knowing injustice, knowing terror by day and night. There are miserable people all over the world and people who have lost everything they own—even hope. Yet, for them, too, the Star shines, if they but look for it.

And so, God bless you, and for all a blessed Christmas-tide. THE END

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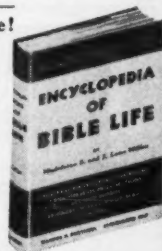
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LAYMAN EXTRAORDINARY

(Continued from page 24)

who think that evangelism is the preacher's exclusive job. "It's up to everyone who believes in the Lord to tell someone else about Him." In all his thousands of calls in homes and offices, he has never been received with discourtesy. Some people respond quickly, others do not. "But they all need Christ and the offer of redemption ultimately wins most of them," has been his experience.

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No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him. There is always work and tools to work withal, for those who will.

—*Jam's Russell Lowell*

company and only recently sold out his interest. Now, as he puts it, he is in "semi-retirement." Since he doesn't have to put in long hours as a meat merchant, he has upped his church visitation quota from an hour a week to four hours a day.

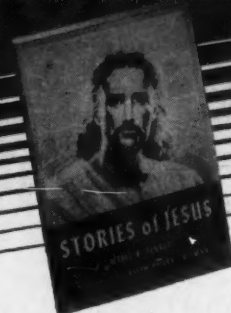
When he drops in on new people who have just moved to the city, Mr. Huntoon hands them his neat business card. It reads: "University Christian Church, 25th and University, Des Moines." And in small letters on the bottom lefthand corner, "Roy M. Huntoon, Sr., Layman." There's an idea that more churches might latch onto!

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(Continued from page 45)

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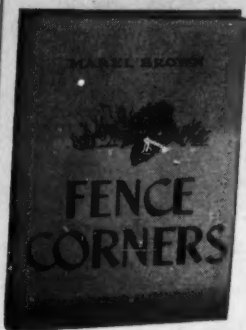
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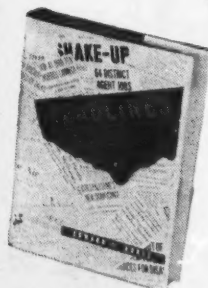
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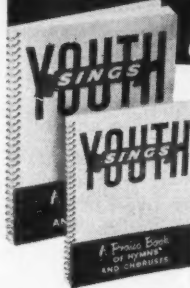
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CHRISTMAS MEANS GOD WITH US

(Continued from page 28)

footprints as He journeyed toward the cross.

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The whole wonder of the Incarnation is this: it was for us, for you and for me, that God became flesh and dwelt among us. The prophet Isaiah spoke for Israel when he said, "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given," but of a truth he spoke also for us, for all men of every tongue and tribe and nation in all the ages and of every clime. To shepherd and wise man, to the lowly and the mighty, to the ignorant and the learned, God reveals Himself in the person of His Son. He comes in the way each can understand; consider His revelation to the shepherds.

The stars were bright above the hillsides of Judea beyond where Bethlehem lay sleeping the drowsy sleep of its antiquity. Busy about their task of watching the flocks in the quiet of the cool night air were a group of humble men, born to a lowly task of earth-simple, humble herdsmen. The cold, distant stars looked down as on a myriad other nights. There were problems to be faced by the shepherds—problems common to all poor, lowly men of all times and all peoples—wives and children to be fed and clothed and cared for, taxes to pay.

Faithfully they watched, stood to their task, these shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch. To these men was the heaven a closed book save as it revealed the simple matters of direction—north, south, east and west—or as it spoke to them of fair weather or rain on the morrow, or as the faint, rosy glow in the east betokened the coming of day. They could not read its mysteries, nor trace its planets in their courses. Their needs were the needs common to men—the need for peace and love, the satisfaction of the hunger of the body, and the yearning of the soul.

So, on this night, as on other countless nights, they watched, as their forefathers had watched in other years and other generations, the helpless flock. Alert, they glanced over the flock, wondering which ram would be taken by the Roman tax-gatherer and which young lamb was perfect enough for sacrifice.

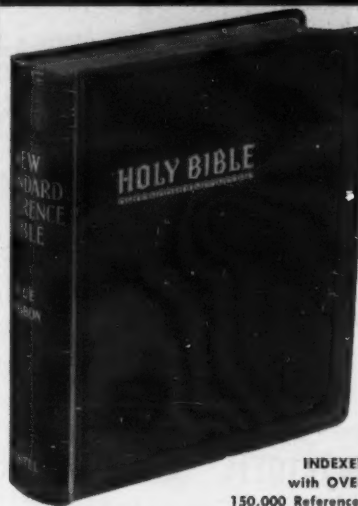
Suddenly in the midst of the silence that wrapped them round like a cloak, there came a sound of heavenly doors rolled back, the light of an angelic face, the whiteness of seraphic robes. Startled, the men themselves, like their

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sheep at the coming of some wild beast, stood terror-stricken and afraid until the music of the heavenly visitor's voice poured over and around them in calm, soft melody: "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." And, then, from the suddenly-appearing choir, countless in number, came the joyous antiphonal! "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Hurrying to Bethlehem the shepherds found all things as the angel had described them: the babe, the manger, the swaddling clothes; and when they had seen them, they made known abroad "the saying which was told them concerning the Child . . . and the shepherds returned, glorifying and

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praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen."

To the wise men, the revelation came in another way—a way *they* could understand. They lived in the East—sages, scholars, scientists. From their towers they nightly studied the heavens. To them the stars were as an open book. The planets in their courses measured out to them the moments, nibbled from eternity by time. The comets were strange, heavenly visitors with whom they sought acquaintance, and who talked to them in a language simple shepherds could never begin to understand.

But on one night the heavens with which they were so familiar burned with the light of a new star—"His star"! What a strange way to describe it, when all the stars are His stars, all the glistening suns' chips and dust from the cuttings of the jewels for His diadem; all the swiftly moving planets but whispered syllables from His mouth who spoke worlds into existence. But in a strange, peculiar sense this was "His star"; for this star proclaimed His coming. It spoke of the brightness of His rising upon the horizon of mortality—the Immortal One clothed with the garment of humanity—a Star of Hope for the sons of men in the night of despair. And moving westward the star led them as they followed asking, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in

the East, and are come to worship Him."

To the shepherds the angel proclaimed a Saviour. To the wise men the star was the revelation of a King.

How appropriate it was that to the keepers of the flocks, to those with ears untuned to the music of the spheres, He sent a heavenly choir. To the shepherds who could not read the secret mysteries of the diamond-starred script penned across the black velvet scroll of the sky, God sent an angelic messenger speaking in their own tongue. How fitting that to the wise men, seeking wisdom and studying the wonders of creation, He spoke in the language of their study and by means of a heavenly light. How appropriate the praise of the angels! How fitting the star!

So the shepherds came seeking a Saviour, and the wise men came seeking a King, and both found in Him the object of their search and the end of all their seeking. And the shepherds returned glorifying and praising God. The wise men in their wisdom went quietly away pondering in their hearts the wonder of God's mercy. The shepherds went out with a song of praise such as only those who have seen the Saviour can sing. The wise men left their gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh at the feet of the infant King. The shepherds found Him wrapped in swaddling clothes. Laid in a stable among the beasts of humility and sacrifice—the ox and the sheep and the dove—was God's little Lamb, the Heir of all creation, the Son of Man to die, the Lord of Life to reign! Humble toilers found the Saviour, and wise men worshiped the King.

So it is today, and so it has been through all the years since the Babe was laid in Bethlehem's manger. The needy find in Him the answer to their need. To all those who seeking find Him, He is the Saviour, and all truly wise men acknowledge Him as Lord of their lives. To the worker at his labor, to the scholar at his study, to the toiler at his task, to the student at his textbook, to the herdsman in the field, to the scientist in the laboratory, He is the only answer, the ultimate answer to human need.

Of all the names of Deity none sounds more melodious to the ears of needy men, none echoes more sweetly in the hearts of God's children than this—"Emmanuel, God with us!" In all the vicissitudes of mortal life, in the hour of sorrow as in the time of joy, amid war and poverty and pain and pestilence, as in peace and prosperity and happiness and health, He answers every need, giving strength and power, bringing comfort and courage, and affording wisdom and understanding. He is forever, "God with us." **END**

DECEMBER 1952



CHRISTMAS

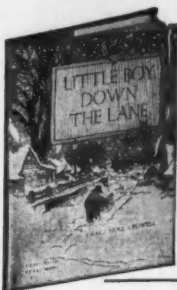
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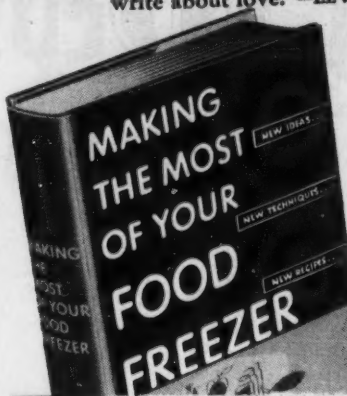
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Daily Meditations

by John W. McKelvey

Monday, December 1

READ MATTHEW 2:1, 2

*Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of all nature
... Thee will I cherish.*

—CRUSADERS' HYMN

WITH Thanksgiving Day now only a memory our thoughts turn instinctively to Christmas. In many cities the annual Christmas parade on Thanksgiving Day has ushered in the familiar calendar of "23 shopping days before Christmas." From now on it will be another mad "merry-go-round" getting ready for Santa Claus. For to uncounted multitudes Santa Claus stands for Christmas. And yet, despite all that may be said for Santa Claus, the central figure of Christmas is Christ, "my soul's glory, joy, and crown."

*O Father, I know not how that
Bethlehem's Babe could in the God-
head be; I only know the manger Child
has brought Thy life to me. Make me
holy, just, and good, for His sake.
Amen.*

Tuesday, December 2

READ MATTHEW 2:3, 4

ONE WAY for us to renew our convictions about Christmas is to go to Bethlehem of Judea. "But," you say, "I can't go there!" Perhaps not actually, but spiritually, yes. There are several roads to travel. The first, of course, is the road that Joseph took. What if Joseph had scorned Caesar's decree and had refused to be enrolled for the hated tax? What if he had rebelled at taking Mary "who was found with child of the Holy Ghost"? But no, he obeyed in both instances. He went to Bethlehem on the Road of Obedience. You also can travel this Road.

*Lord God, our Father, teach us in
everything to do Thy will, and save
us for righteousness' sake. Amen.*

Wednesday, December 3

READ MATTHEW 2:5, 6

THEN there were the shepherds, keeping watch over their flocks by night. The road which they took can hardly be called a road, for at best it was nothing but a winding way through the

fields. But as the shepherds traversed it, coming eagerly to see the thing that had come to pass, of which the angels had told them, that road became the Road of Adoration. To be sure, every baby is mystery incarnate, but this Child was God Incarnate.

*O Holy Child of Bethlehem, descend
to us we pray. Cast out our sin and
enter in, be born in us today. Amen.*

Thursday, December 4

READ MATTHEW 2:7, 8

*When morning gilds the skies . . . may
Jesus Christ be praised.*—GERMAN HYMN

THE WISE MEN, having come "from the east to Jerusalem," unwittingly threw the Holy City into spasms of fear. Then quietly pursuing the course of the Star five miles further south they came to "the place where the Child was." What Herod and the chief priests clasped more greedily to their breasts, the wise men reverently surrendered at the cradle of the new-born King. How infinitely blessed were these magi, star-led and God-guided, who traveled to Bethlehem on the Road of Surrender!

*We know, O Lord, that no matter
what or how much we bring in sur-
render at Thy feet, it is as nothing
compared to what Thou hast done for
us. Amen.*

Friday, December 5

READ MATTHEW 2:16-18

STRANGELY enough, geographically it is the same road by which Joseph and the wise men came that Herod took with murderous intent. A Child born to be king? Not while Herod wielded a sword! And so it came to pass that Herod's arrival at David's City was memorialized by the murder of the innocents. His departure echoed to pitiable outcries of anguish and weeping. It is always so. They who tear down Herod's Road of Vengeance will raise the wail of the oppressed and the moans of the innocent, and the song of the angels is stilled.

*O Father, forbid that we should
cause a single one of Thy children to*

*be offended because of what we think
or say or do. Give us the will to spread
joy and peace. Amen.*

Saturday, December 6

READ MATTHEW 2:13-15

PROFESSOR Halford E. Luccock said some years ago: "Today, as we come with heavy hearts to a Christmas in a gangster's world, it is well to remember that Jesus was born in a gangster's world. Hate, cruelty, and malice were on the throne . . . Jewish refugees were fleeing for their lives." In view of the worldwide tensions and oppressions existing today, will we have courage to play the role of Egypt in bringing hope and deliverance? That is the supreme question this Christmas.

*Gracious Master, who came that men
might have life and have it abundantly,
help us to find room in our hearts to
receive the lonely, the desolate, the
afflicted. Amen.*

Sunday, December 7

READ MATTHEW 2:10

*In the light of that star lie the ages im-
pearled.*—JOSIAH G. HOLLAND

IF YOU read Matthew's account carefully, you get the impression that the appearance of the Star was on the order of an announcement. And having alerted the wise men to seek diligently the meaning of its portent, the Star disappeared and left them to their task. How earnestly and impatiently they searched we do not know, but eventually they reached the Holy City. Then, when finally they came to Bethlehem, lo, "they saw the Star" once again. If we will go as far as we can, at the critical moment God will draw nigh to us also.

*Lead, kindly Light, amid the en-
circling gloom. We do not always see
the distant scene but walk with halting
step. Increase our faith and bring us to
Thyself. Amen.*

Monday, December 8

READ NUMBERS 24:17

I LOVE to ponder the experience of the star-guided wise men. Once, at a

CHRISTIAN HERALD

planetarium demonstration of "The Star of Bethlehem," I was contemplating the mystery of divine guidance, when suddenly I was struck with another thought: what if, after the heavens had conspired to lead the wise men to Christ, the wise men had suffered an occultation and had failed to see the Star? Nothing could have been more tragic.

Open my eyes, dear Lord, that I may see without hindrance all the matchless glories of Thy truth, beauty, and goodness. Purge me with Thy cleansing love. Amen.

Tuesday, December 9

READ MATTHEW 10:39

I can only give myself, I have nothing left but this.—JOHN FLETCHER

AN occultation takes place when something comes between ourselves and a star, so that we can't see it. The wise men saw the Star of Bethlehem, but Herod did not. If it was visible to the wise men it would certainly have been visible to Herod, unless he suffered an occultation. What, you ask, came between Herod and the Star? First, let me suggest selfishness. In his greed for power and earthly riches Herod lost the glory of the skies, the smiles of friends, the beauties of nature, and the opportunity to serve his age.

O God, search me and prove me, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting. Help me to bear another's burdens and so find blessing and peace. Amen.

Wednesday, December 10

READ PHILIPPIANS 4:8

Those whose eyes are in the dust will never see a star.—WALTER R. BOWIE

ANOTHER reason for Herod's failure to see the Star was his wickedness and impurity of heart. Some time ago the press reported that the 200-inch Hale telescope on Mt. Palomar was ailing. The telescope's most serious trouble is a bulge, not very much of a bulge, in the massive mirror: the outer edge is twenty millionths of an inch too high! Trifling though it seems, this error in the mirror's surface makes scientific pictures impossible. Herod's life was distorted by notorious transgressions which totally blinded him.

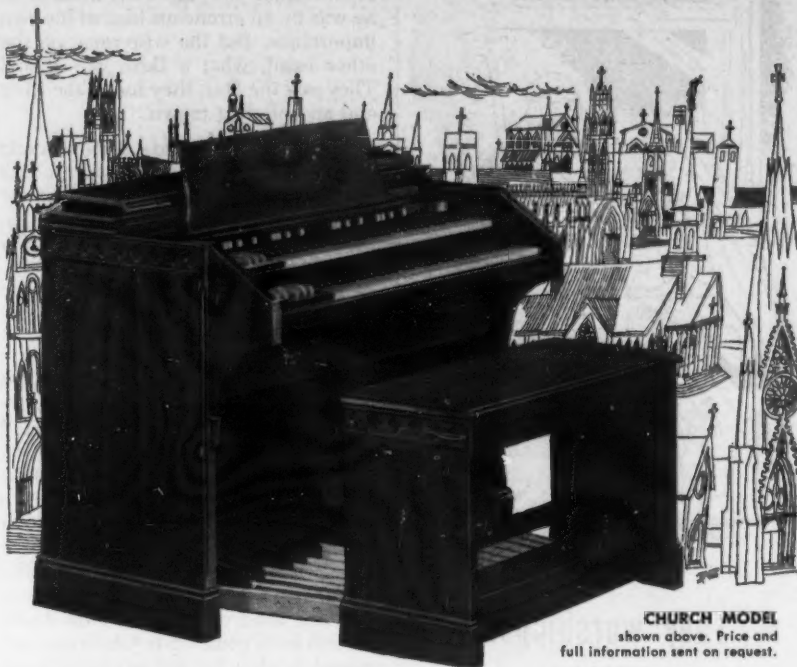
Create in me a clean heart, O God, and fill my soul with light. Wash me and make me clean that I may show forth Thy redeeming love and prove acceptable in Thy sight. Amen.

Thursday, December 11

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:4, 5

HEROD was also blinded by pride. Like Hitler, he was troubled with "I-

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this humble “flock.”
They had come as they were
to the Bethlehem stall
with hearts that sought for God.
And, when they found Him there,
they knelt and worshipped Him.



strain.” Herod was troubled by many potential rivals to his throne, and one by one he slew them all. It is no wonder Herod never saw the Star, blinded as he was by an erroneous idea of his own importance. But the wise men, on the other hand, what a thrill was theirs! They saw the Star, they found the King and an unfading crown.

Lord Jesus, Thou didst come in lowly guise to teach us the lessons of humility and service. Thou standest now at the right hand of God to intercede for us. Save us, we beseech Thee, for Thy Name's sake. Amen.

Friday, December 12

READ MATTHEW 2:12

IMPORTANT as the wise men were in the story of Christ's Nativity, with one verse Matthew dismisses them and we lose sight of them. But of this we may be sure: They continued to follow in the Light, no longer the light of a celestial star, but ever after the Light of that “bright and morning Star” of which the prophet spoke. I need hardly add that what the wise men did we in our time must do, and if we do it not, we will have come up to Christmas and passed its glory by, just as fatefully and finally as did Herod.

O Thou eternal Christ of God, we desire nothing so much as the assurance of Thy presence with us in all that we do and wherever we go. Bless and keep us always. Amen.

Saturday, December 13

READ MATTHEW 5:10

It isn't far to Bethlehem Town! It's anywhere that Christ comes down.

—MADELEINE SWEENEY MILLER

IF WE are resolute to follow in the Light of Christ, the first consequence will be direct action on our part “for righteousness' sake.” It will be action somewhat like what a Korean father took whose two sons had been killed the month before in a Communist sortie. When the tide of battle turned and the Communist leaders were captured and condemned to be executed, then this bereaved father made the headlines by asking that the Communists who killed his sons be assigned to his home to take the place of his slain sons. Love never fails!

In our hour of trial, Jesus, do Thou plead for us, lest by base denial we depart from Thy precept and example. Make us humble, faithful, courageous, and loving. Amen.

Sunday, December 14

READ ROMANS 8:1, 2

THEN, secondly, there will be indirect action as a result of our following

Christ, the kind of action which is beyond our striving and is in fact the handiwork of God Himself. Maybe another word for this is confidence in God's sure will for us. It affirms two things: when we look for the stars it is always night; and despite our love of darkness we were made for the light. To which is added this other assurance, that God has given to us His only Son, our morning and evening Star, to guide and bless us.

Lord, how greatly we need to rest our weary souls upon Thee and Thy promises! Be Thou our strong defense in every time of weakness. Amen.

Monday, December 15

READ JOHN 1:4, 5

Yet in thy dark streets shineth the everlasting Light.—PHILLIPS BROOKS

JAMES Moffatt translated verse 5 of this reading: “Amid the darkness the light shone, but the darkness did not master it.” Many years ago I stood in the candle-lighted cave of Jesus' birth in Bethlehem. On the floor at my feet was the star of gold marking, as tradition likes to do, “the exact spot.” Hobnailed footsteps behind me distracted me. I turned in time to see two British Tommies changing guard, rifles in hand. How utterly absurd at the birthplace of Christ! And yet how manifestly typical of the world's darkness!

Father of all men, we humbly confess that we have not loved one another as Christ hath loved us, nor have we loved Thee with all our heart, mind, and strength. Forgive us. Amen.

Tuesday, December 16

READ JOHN 1:9

THE moment I saw the soldiers changing guard at the birthplace of Christ, my mind telescoped history and I seemed to see standing before me not the soldiers of Britain but some of Herod's bloody swordsmen shouting with angry interrogation, “Where is He that is born King of the Jews?” Perhaps herein lies the secret of why James Moffatt translated the verb “shineth” in the past tense “shone.” He wanted to say that Christ came with infinite blessing and even the gates of hell did not and could not prevail against Him: “the darkness did not master His light.”

Heavenly Father, Thy life is within our souls, but our selfishness has hindered Thee. We have not lived by faith. We have resisted Thy Spirit. Pardon and save us. Amen.

Wednesday, December 17

READ MATTHEW 5:14, 15

I LIKE to ponder John's simile of God sending Christ as Light into the world.

I think of what we often have to do when the electric lights go off during a storm at night and, with lighted candle cupped against the wind and darkness, we rush from room to room to see that all is well. John wants us to see that God did that at Bethlehem, cupping the Light which shone in the darkness of that ancient hostile world and outwitting the evil forces that sought to destroy it. And this is why the Light still shines.

Gracious Lord, cause Thy light to shine through our unassuming lives of service and sacrifice and enable us to show forth Thy praise. Amen.

Thursday, December 18

READ MATTHEW 5:16

THE universal meaning of Christmas is best revealed in its appeal to the so-called little peoples of the earth. The people who count in the long run and in God's sight are not the kings and potentates just because they are kings and potentates. Rather they are the people who, regardless of rank or endowment, take the Light which has come into the world and cup it with their very lives against the withering blasts of life about them. This is why there are not many "wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble."

Thou, Lord, dost know all about us. Blot out our iniquities as a night mist. Scatter our sins as a morning cloud. Make us children of the Light for Thy sake. Amen.

Friday, December 19

READ MATTHEW 6:22, 23

IS NOT the meaning of Christmas consequently just this: that, "while the wealthy or the proud may own the earth, the meek inherit it"? Here indeed is in essence the theme of most of Shakespeare's tragedies. "Not that Shakespeare," says Gilbert Thomas, "being a sensible man, frowned on worthy ambition, disliked legitimate pomp and ceremony, and the like . . . The greatness of Shakespeare lies in the fact that he never judged a man's inner stature by his outward position." Christmas affirms that God continues to look on the heart.

O eternal Father, help us to bring forth in our lives the fruits of the Spirit; the fruit of love and peace, that we may love Thee above all things and trust Thee always. Amen.

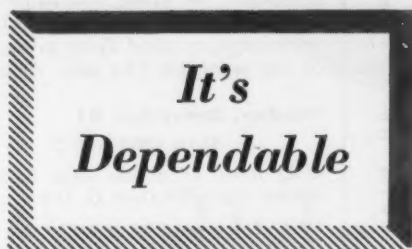
Saturday, December 20

READ MATTHEW 6:24

The life that knoweth Him . . . shall keep eternal Christmas.

—ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

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mastide, whether we are known and honored by the neighbors next door or the people in the next block or the citizens outside the limited horizons of our town. The thing that counts is this, in the words of Dwight L. Moody, "whether God has all there is of us," whether the Light shines undimmed by what we are as much as by what we say. For if God has all there is of us, nothing shall be impossible.

Lord Jesus, preserve this day from any evil of our doing, and us from the evils of this day. Let this day add some knowledge, or good deed, to the days of our years, for Thy sake. Amen.

Sunday, December 21

READ JOHN 3:19-21

Holy Jesus, every day keep us in the narrow way.—WILLIAM C. DIX

WHAT it means to live "in the light" is expounded dramatically by the young GI who was shipped almost immediately after his marriage to the loneliness and temptations of Japan and Korea, leaving his lovely bride in anxiety and trepidation at home. How thrilled she was one day to receive the letter which said in part, "Don't worry about me, I've fought my worst temptations and have won." And how happy, when his service ended and they were reunited and blest with children, the just rewards of virtue and fidelity!

Teach us, O Father, to do the things that please Thee, for Thou art our God. Let Thy loving Spirit lead us forth into the land of righteousness. Amen.

Monday, December 22

READ I JOHN 1:5-7

Every task, however simple, sets the soul that does it free.—HENRY VAN DYKE

IN Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend," Mr. Boffin, the simple old "golden dustman," is telling Mr. Lightwood of his wife's yearning pity for a little orphan boy who was once in her care. Mr. Lightwood scoffs, "My dear Mr. Boffin, everything wears to rags." To which Mr. Boffin replies, "I won't go as far as to say everything, because there's some things I never found among the dust." Yes, there are the manifold things of the Spirit.

Grant, heavenly Father, unto us who know we are weak, and who trust in Thee because we know Thou art strong, the gladsome help of Thy loving-kindness and truth. Amen.

Tuesday, December 23

READ LUKE 2:9-12

What can I give Him poor as I am? ... Give my heart.—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

THERE is a church in Cincinnati which claims to have the largest bell in the

world, but when it was first tolled some years ago its mighty tones shattered a number of windows in the vicinity. Since then it has been sounded only by being tapped with a hammer. Is not this the tragic picture of Christmas as lived out by many people? The mightiest and most joyful theme of the ages, because we are afraid of its effect, is too frequently reduced by human behavior to little more than a faint tinkle.

O Loving Saviour, fill our hearts with glad and fearless praise of Thy Name. Release in us the joy bells of Thy love, peace, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and truth. Amen.

Wednesday, December 24

READ LUKE 2:14

IT WAS Count Leo Tolstoi who once said, "The distinctive mark of this age is its lost sense of God." The newspaper last year carried the cartoon of a weary man "shopping around" with his small, bespectacled, studious-looking son. When their turn came to speak to Santa Claus, the man leaned over and whispered, "See if you can't talk him into wanting an electric train." How ridiculous! No one has to persuade a boy to want an electric train. And yet, when it comes to us grown folks, how tragic that we need to be reminded that God is nigh to bless us!

O Almighty Father, we adore Thy infinite goodness in sending Thy only begotten Son, that, believing in Him, we may not perish. Grant that in Him we may find Thee who art our hope and salvation. Amen.

Christmas Day, December 25

READ LUKE 2:15, 16

Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King!—ISAAC WATTS

CHRISTMAS is the affirmation of the gladdest of tidings, that Christ is come. One thing becomes painfully clear: if Christ truly is come, then we must act not as though His coming were a prediction or even a promise, but as though it mattered to us. What does this mean? Well, it means that righteousness matters, that life's pilgrimage is a way of holiness, that the kind of atmosphere conducive to great thoughts and loving deeds is the atmosphere of His matchless life and forgiving soul.

Lord Jesus, for whose sake all motherhood is holy, and since whose coming the little children are first in Thy Kingdom, come to every home this day with blessing and peace. Amen.

Friday, December 26

READ LUKE 2:17-20

NOT ONLY are there roads to Bethlehem, spiritual highways of the soul,

but there are roads from Bethlehem. The wise men departed "into their own country another way," according to Matthew. And Luke declares that "the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God." It is difficult to believe that these two groups, to mention no others, returned the same people they had been before. Even Herod, despised tyrant that he was, was different, changed sadly for the worse. For Christ's Nativity became the turning point of history.

Lord Jesus, Thou camest to earth to redeem the world and the world knew Thee not. Thou didst seek to turn darkness to light, but so often we chose darkness instead. Forgive us, for Thy sake. Amen.

Saturday, December 27

READ LUKE 6:38

WHETHER we go from Bethlehem on paths of creative blessing depends on the way in which we give of ourselves. Catherine Norton tells of going into a Philadelphia store and coming to the gift counter where she picked up an intricate little gadget with no apparent use. She asked the salesgirl what it was. The salesgirl looked at it mutely, then smiled brightly and said, "I don't know, Miss. I guess it's just a Christmas present." So often our giving to Christ consists of what is useless, hence we defeat ourselves.

O Father, who by the birth of Thy Son hast given us a great light to dawn upon our darkness, grant that we may have the courage to walk in that Light, and bless us. Amen.

Sunday, December 28

READ LUKE 6:30-34

THE KIND of giving which proves our devotion to Jesus as Lord is giving which involves ourselves. It is giving like the Indiana farmer whose prize corn was repeatedly a ribbon-winner at state fairs and who shared his best seed each year with his neighbors. Why? In his words, "It's a matter of self-preservation. If my neighbors grew inferior corn, cross-pollination would steadily degrade the quality of my own. Therefore, I give them the best so that they will plant the best." Give the best and the best will come back to you.

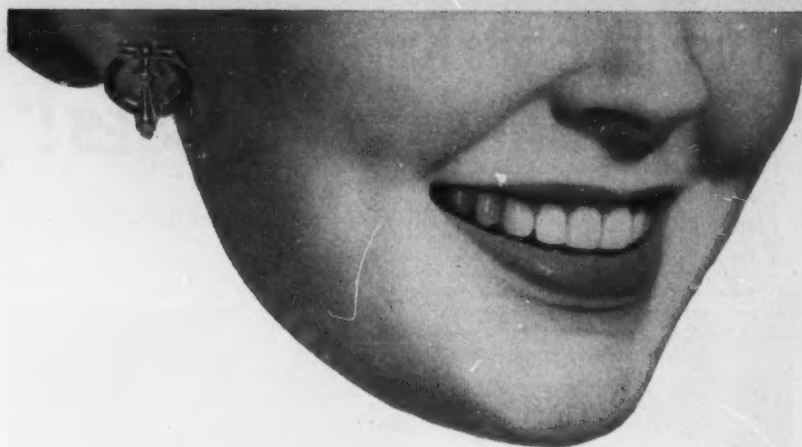
Bestow on us, Lord, that most excellent Christmas gift, love and charity to all men, that we may manifest Thy Spirit aright in all we do and say and think, in Thy name. Amen.

Monday, December 29

READ LUKE 2:25-32

NOT ALL the glory of Christmas is exhausted on the day of Christ's Na-

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tivity. Remember the story of the aged Simeon who comes into the picture after the wise men and shepherds have departed. Doubtless we have all stood by some cradle and looked like Simeon into the innocent eyes of a baby, and what hopes we have had! When a mother recently exclaimed on hearing that her son had become a murderer, "I never expected my boy to turn out like this," she was voicing the crushed hopes of countless others. But not of Simeon!

We thank Thee, merciful God, that Thou dost allow so many joys to those who have tried to serve Thee faithfully all their days. Make us worthy of Thyself in Christ. Amen.

Tuesday, December 30

READ PSALM 27:1

Breathe through the hearts of our desire Thy coolness and thy balm.

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

WITH the New Year only two days away our attention seems to be pulled away from the glory and wonder of the Christmas season by the hopes and fears that rise in us regarding 1953. On supreme assurance is ours at this time: "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?" In his book, "Of Men and Mountains," Justice Douglas says that the things men fear in mountains are invariably the fears they bring with them from the city. If we want to be rid of fear, the procedure is simple: Trust in the Lord and be not afraid.

Dear Father, grant that we may experience the great renewal today! May old duties be new. May our sympathies and aspirations be new. Lead us aright, we pray. Amen.

Wednesday, December 31

READ PSALM 46

Lord and Master of us all... We test our lives by Thine.

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

R. L. MIDDLETON in his book "Take Time" tells the story of the GI during the last war who adopted a refugee Italian boy named Tony, and made him the mascot of his company. Then one day there came the order that all waifs and refugees must be turned over to a central authority. Tony was given the bravest possible send-off but at the very end of the ordeal he broke down. Throwing his arms about the GI's knees, he sobbed, "Don't you see? I can't go. I belong to you." How truly he speaks for us as we enter the New Year, for we belong to God!

O Thou who changest not, grant us so to enter upon the New Year with faithful hearts, that we may be able in all things to please Thee. Amen.

A small boy's stubborn will
to live has brought to hundreds
of handicapped people the chance
to lead useful, independent lives

He Cheated **DEATH** to Serve His Fellow Men

By BEN FUNK

LIFE REALLY began for Eddie Axlrod, of Miami, Fla., the day he received his death sentence. It was in June, 1938. Eddie was just 13 years old and already had spent four dismal years in bed with serious heart trouble. Then the doctor told him that he couldn't live much longer.

Instead of crushing Eddie's spirit, the verdict inspired him to get up out of bed and embark on a ten-year crusade to get jobs for other afflicted

persons. Eddie has been dead four years, but his work still goes on. Today hundreds of men and women speak his name with love and gratitude; they were miserable and helpless until he taught them how to overcome their handicaps and become useful.

Eddie was nine years old when a siege of rheumatic fever left him with a seriously damaged heart, condemned to life in bed and wheelchair. His parents were stricken by the news, but the boy accepted it calmly. "He was always more like a man than a child," his mother and father recall.

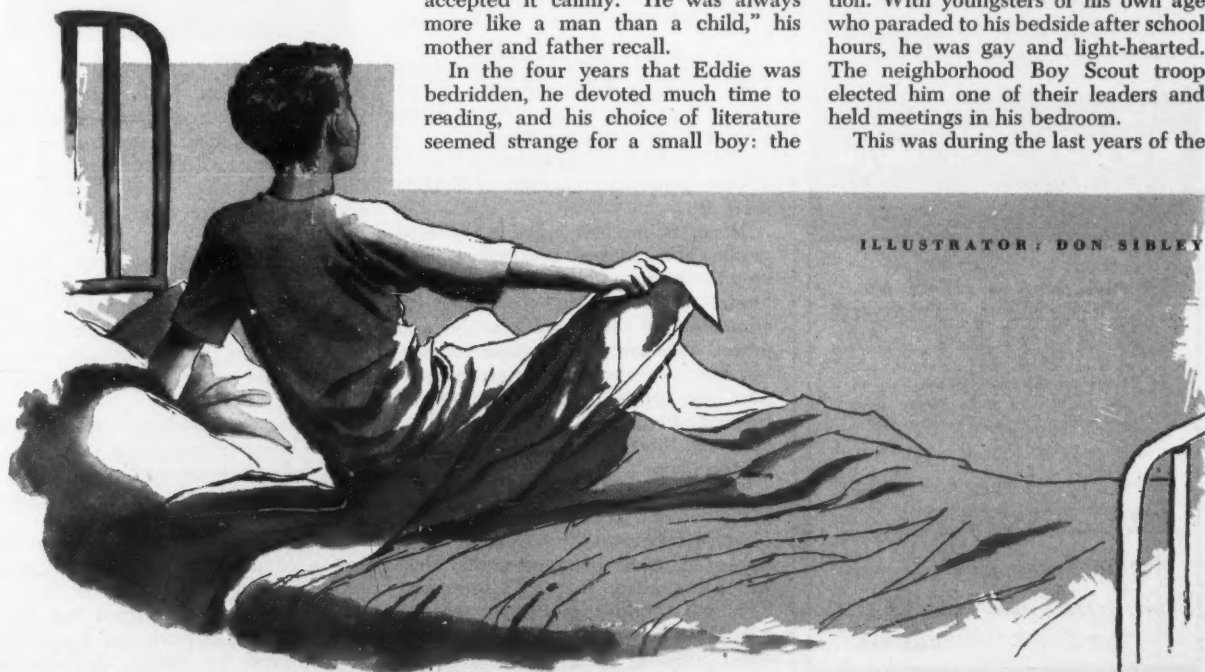
In the four years that Eddie was bedridden, he devoted much time to reading, and his choice of literature seemed strange for a small boy: the

Bible, books on religion and history.

Eddie was deeply religious, but he refused to join any church. Born to the Jewish faith, he accompanied his parents to the synagogue only on rare occasions. To his father, with whom he prayed each day, he explained: "I will not belong to a church to which all people do not belong."

There were many sides to Eddie's personality. With adults, he could engage in thoughtful, serious conversation. With youngsters of his own age who paraded to his bedside after school hours, he was gay and light-hearted. The neighborhood Boy Scout troop elected him one of their leaders and held meetings in his bedroom.

This was during the last years of the



ILLUSTRATOR: DON SIBLEY



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great depression. Eddie's father, Leo Axlrod, was a furniture salesman, earning only \$25 a week. To help family finances, 12-year-old Eddie began to fashion lapel pins and other novelties which were placed in the dime stores for sale. When he had saved \$50 he bought material and built several small billiard tables, equipped with boxes which caught the balls as they were pocketed, and a mechanism which released the balls when a nickel was inserted. His father put these in restaurants and other public places, and collected a percentage of the nickels each week. "The payments always amounted to more than my salary," he says. Little Eddie Axlrod found himself the family's principal bread-winner.

As Eddie's interests broadened it became difficult to keep him confined. On one visit the doctor found him out of his wheelchair hard at work on his gadgets. The doctor took the 13-year-old boy aside. "You are going to die very soon, Eddie," he said, "if you don't go back to bed and stay there!"

Eddie looked at the doctor for a moment, then ran out of the house. His father found him lying in the grass and took him in his arms.

"If I'm going to die," Eddie sobbed, "please let me die out here and not in that bed."

Leo Axlrod groped for words. "My son," he said at last, "no man should be able to say how long you are going to live. Only God can do that."

"Then I will get up and live like other people," Eddie said, "and put all my trust in God."

The father and the boy prayed together. Then Leo Axlrod said:

"You are right. Get up and live your life."

"God won't be sorry if he keeps me here," Eddie said. "I am going to spend all the time I have left helping other people who are afflicted like me."

This sudden, unexpected statement set the pattern for the rest of Eddie's short life.

His schooling had ended in the third grade. The children of his age were now in the seventh. Eddie studied by himself to catch up, then applied for admission to the seventh grade and passed the test. His teachers remember him as a cheerful but serious student who applied himself with unusual concentration. "He never seemed to have any time to waste," recalls one of his teachers.

Three years later, while he was studying commercial art and design at Miami's Technical High School, Eddie started a small furniture-repair shop which he called "Edward's Interiors." This gave Eddie the instrument he needed to launch his career of helping other afflicted people. His first employee, a seamstress, was an alcoholic.

His first customer was Judge Vernon N. Hawthorne of the circuit court. "I'll never forget the time Eddie Axlrod came to my house," Judge Hawthorne says. "He was a little fellow, but he was polite and he bubbled over with spunk and determination. He had an armload of material samples and said he wanted to reupholster my furniture."

In the two years after Judge Hawthorne gave him that job, Eddie built his business until he had a staff of 15 workmen; each one was an alcoholic. "It is my duty to help these poor people," Eddie said.

There never was any assurance as to just how many workers would show up on a given day, nevertheless the firm prospered. When Eddie graduated from high school at 18, he had sufficient capital to go into partnership with his father; together, they started the



Empire Furniture Factory and Rattan Works, a combined factory and retail outlet. Eddie, head of the firm, was its chief designer; Leo was head of the sales department. Mrs. Axlrod was bookkeeper; there were 50 people on the payroll.

With the new venture, Eddie stopped hiring alcoholics; he felt that at best he had given them only temporary financial aid. Now he decided to take the physically handicapped and steer them into useful careers.

No case seemed hopeless to Eddie. One of his early employees, Leo Bondy, had tuberculosis and Parkinson's disease. He developed into a good cabinet-maker.

Soon the word spread, and into the haven of the Axlrod factory came a procession of men and women who were severely handicapped but filled with a desire to work and be useful. Eddie hired the legless, the armless, the blind; white men, black men,

yellow men; Jews, Catholics, Protestants.

Eddie disliked the word "disabled." "Around here any man who can do a job is considered an able man," he said.

He redesigned his machinery to fit the workers. Extra foot pedals took care of Nick DeVenere, who had only one arm. Special hand attachments helped James Tera, a Greek whose feet had been chopped off by the Nazis. Men in wheelchairs, properly trained, became more expert with their hands than normal people.

As soon as a worker became so skillful that he could land a job in another factory, Eddie helped him get one, and then started over with a new recruit. Three times a year there was a complete turnover of plant personnel.

The case of blind Phil Pullaro is typical. The Axlrads trained him to make box springs. They designed special equipment for him, such as measuring rules with raised inch marks, and when they were satisfied with his work sent him to the Malone Company of Miami. There Pullaro was put to work with regular employees. His work was outstanding and the Malone Company recommended to the National Bedding Association that handicapped workmen be employed throughout the industry.

The employees Eddie "fired" are now employed by other furniture factories in Miami and other cities. Some, like James Leggio, advanced to executive positions. Others opened plants of their own.

Leggio had been disabled in a fall. He was "just floundering around" when the Axlrads gave him a break. They taught him the furniture business from the bottom up.

When a new furniture firm, Scott & Company, opened in Miami, the Axlrads placed Leggio there. He became its general manager and designer and as business grew he staffed the Scott plant with handicapped people.

Almost from the beginning, Eddie made each employee take the following pledge: "If I ever have a business of my own I will hire only physically afflicted workers." Because of these promises, those who have since become employers have greatly enlarged Eddie's program.

Probably the outstanding graduate of the Axlrads plant was William Nelson, an irrigation engineer whose face had been partly shot away in the war. Plastic surgeons had built him a new face, but he left the hospital with such a violent inferiority complex that he could scarcely bring himself to talk to others.

Nelson worked in the factory for a while, then Eddie insisted that he go into the sales department. Nelson said

(Continued on page 84)

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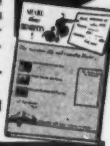
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Sunday School Lessons

By Amos John Traver

• Sunday, December 7

THE GREAT TEACHER

MATTHEW 13:24, 53, 54

THE gospel is God's translation of heavenly truth in the vocabulary of earth. Reverently we may say that God's problem was to communicate His love to us in a language we could understand. Supremely Jesus Christ is the "Word" by which God reveals what He is like and what His attitude is toward His sinning children. Gospel means literally "good word."

How did Jesus fulfill God's purpose? By what He was, what He said and what He did. The sayings of Jesus are an important part of Jesus' mission. He was the Great Teacher because He knew how to translate the glories and mysteries of heaven into the language of the common man. They heard Him gladly because they knew what He was talking about. He used the familiar experiences of their daily lives to help them understand. The most effective medium for this purpose was the parable.

The old definition of a parable is still the best—"An earthly story with a heavenly meaning." Jesus could have described the kingdom of heaven in long theological terms. The rabbis of His day were dull listening because they were always philosophizing. They liked to argue about abstract things that didn't matter in daily life. Little did they care whether the common folks understood them. They expected men to accept what they taught whether they understood it or not. So religion became divorced from life—a dead, cold set of rules.

Matthew 13 is a collection of Jesus' parables on the kingdom. The whole mission of Jesus would be a failure if He could not make clear the meaning of His kingship. Many were first won to Him by His gentleness and love, by what He was. But they would remain true to Him only if they understood His mission. He would depend on them to found His church after He had died and risen again. So He told them stories they would never forget. The stories are well told. They left pictures that could be seen with the mind's eye. Most of these stories are told for one central

purpose and we only confuse the issue when we try to give meaning to details added for the sake of interest.

What is the kingdom of heaven like? Jesus gave many answers, each adding its bit to the total picture. Thinking of the daily enlarging band of disciples, Jesus said the kingdom was like a wheat field in which there was a liberal mixture of weeds. Was He thinking of traitors like Judas? God is patient with us. He gives us every opportunity to repent. Final judgment must wait. Hypocrites, however little they deserve it, must have their chance. Let God take care of the weeds in His good time.

JESUS SAID also that the kingdom of heaven is like a mustard seed and like leaven. The one is very small with tremendous power to grow and the other is silent and hidden with tremendous power to ferment. When will we get over our reverence for bigness and for noisy bombast? Perhaps we should consider science's discovery of the power in an atom. Jesus was born so quietly in Bethlehem. Only a handful of shepherds heard heaven's choirs that night. A little babe, in a little manger, in a little town! Later it would be a simple Carpenter in an almost unknown Galilean village. He would begin with a little band of the faithful. Now He has more followers in our world than all the kings of earth put together. Little bands of men with big consecration mark the growth of the kingdom. The power is not in numbers but in hearts where Jesus rules. How encouraging these parables must have been to the first century church.

Great teaching this was. No wonder the people were amazed. At last they began to understand the meaning of religion. At last they could know God and His purpose for them. Our problem is to translate our knowledge and love for Christ into such simple terms, in our lives and on our lips, that those who hear and know us will also find God in Christ.

Questions:

Jesus did not invent the parable form of teaching. No doubt He used many stories that He heard or read. Others were original. Compare Isaiah 5:1-7 with Mark 12:1-12. Another Old Testament parable

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is found in II Samuel 12:1-12. Read the fable, II Kings 14:9, 10, to see how it differs from the parable. Why are parables a most effective means of teaching?

● Sunday, December 14

JESUS DISPELS FEAR

MATTHEW 14:22, 33

IT is not strictly true that "All we need to fear is fear." Careless bravado and ignorant blindness in the face of real peril are also dangerous. "Pollyanna" optimism is a poor substitute for fear. Courage never discounts danger. Last summer I visited many bombed cities in Europe. To see the stark, broken walls of homes and churches, to see the disrupted economies, with consequent poverty and hunger, to look into the faces of people who somehow had lived through it, was to realize that the fear of war is quite justified. Only personal experience can tell us what war is like.

The fear of the fishermen at sea in the storm had become unreasoning panic. It must have been a terrible storm to scare fishermen. All that Jesus had taught them of the loving mercy of God was forgotten. They feared it was God's wrath which was overtaking them. Or they thought that God had completely forgotten and deserted them. That is the temptation of stormy weather on the journey of life.

They might also remember that Jesus had insisted on their crossing the lake without Him. He had fed the multitude and must avoid the hasty plan to make Him their king. He needed His hour of prayer alone. The disciples must be sent away. Could they not believe that the same Lord who could feed thousands with a few loaves and fishes would protect them?

They needed a lesson in faith. These strong fishermen must discover that they needed help. Sometimes we need to be beaten down into acknowledged helplessness before we realize we need God.

As Jesus, in the storm, walked on the water, the waves calmed before their Master. So afraid were the disciples that they thought He was a ghost. Then His beloved voice was heard calling on them to be faithful, not fearful. Peter, the impulsive, asked to go to Him, walking on the sea. Peter, too, needed his lesson in faith. At first he walked bravely with no thought of himself, his eyes on Jesus. Then he thought of himself and his eyes turned to the water about him and he began to sink. A second time Jesus must save him. The big fisherman had a double lesson in the humility on which faith must be built.

We have no promise of stormless seas. We do have assurance that our Lord is by our side, even when the storm blinds our eyes. Paul discovered



Am I My Brother's Keeper?

IN INDIA I asked myself this question when I saw thousands of homeless sleeping in the streets of Calcutta and Bombay. When I saw half starved children and "hunger limp" babies like the one above.

IN KOREA (My schedule did not permit me to examine the 28 orphanages in which CCF assists Korean children). There is only ugliness and misery in Korea. Wandering refugees, little ragged children, destroyed homes. There is hardly a family not broken, fathers taken prisoners or shot, mothers abused and carried off or left dead behind a broken wall. A destroyed country of rubble, rags, disease, hunger and human misery.

IN JAPAN in the Elizabeth Saunders Home for GI babies, deserted by their American fathers, and 18 other CCF orphanages, all over-crowded.

IN GERMANY where I saw some of the several million people who are refugees in their own country. Those who escaped from East Germany won their freedom at great cost. Few families escaped intact. Children, parents, wives and husbands shot down or dragged off to labor camps. Those who escaped are destitute. They can't find work and have inadequate food and shelter.

The sick little children of India, the wandering orphans of Korea, that flaxen haired German miss, who saw her father killed, does God charge me with their plight? I have returned from overseas with the realization that the Communists care enough to make very successful capital of democracy's failures and with the strong conviction that we Americans can not close our eyes or stop our ears to the cry of a hungry child anywhere in the world — black, brown, yellow or white. The hungry children of the world are more dangerous to us than the atom bomb.

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that his Lord was by his side to give him power even in a Roman prison. If we realize His presence, the storms will not drive us into panic, or lead us to betray Him. "Take heart, it is I; have no fear."

Questions:

How much did the disciples share the plan of the multitude to "take Him by force and make Him king" (John 6:15)? Do you think they may have been leaders in the plot? Many Jews thought the time was ripe for revolt against Rome. Was it because these disciples wanted to build the kingdom by their own strength that Jesus sent them out into the storm? If so, does this often explain why we run into storms too powerful for us?

• Sunday, December 21

THE MIRACLE OF CHRISTMAS

MATTHEW 1:18-25

NAMING a baby is serious business in most families. We may choose a name just because we like it, it may be the name of a friend or loved one, or sometimes we may follow a family tradition. In my family the sons usually received the first name of their father as a second name. Early in Hebrew history names were more often chosen because of some circumstances connected with the birth, or to describe some peculiarity in the appearance of the child, or to express the parents' hopes for the child's future.

When God sent His Son to be born in Bethlehem, He did not commit the naming of the Child to His parents. That name was to mean too much to the world. "You shall call his name Jesus, for He will save His people from their sins." There is the name and its meaning. He is our God-Saviour. His was not a new name among Jews. The spelling is different in the Old Testament because it was in Hebrew, while the New Testament was in Greek. For instance, Elijah in the Old Testament becomes Elias in the New. Two great national heroes carried the name of Jesus—Joshua, who led Israel into Canaan, and Jeshua, the priest, who led Israel back into their homeland after the captivity. At the same time that Mary looked down into the face of her little Jesus, many Hebrew mothers held a "Jesus" in their arms. It is still a common name in many countries. But for most of us the name Jesus will be reserved for the Son of God.

Christ is another name for Our Lord. Again it is a Greek word translating the Hebrew Messiah. Perhaps this should be called a title rather than a name. Matthew had no doubt that Jesus was the king or Messiah so often promised to Israel in the Old Testament. This same claim is written into the very heart of preaching and teaching in the

early church. Paul, who knew the Scriptures of his people thoroughly, makes many references to prophecy to support this claim. To us, Jesus, the Christ, is King of our hearts, Ruler of our lives.

Matthew turns to Isaiah 7:14 to discover still another precious name for Jesus—Emmanuel. The only change the Greek makes in the Hebrew "Immanuel" is in the first letter. No doubt Matthew selected this verse to show that the virgin birth was foretold by the prophet. It also adds a name that wonderfully describes Jesus—Emmanuel, "God with us." For all of us and each of us He is our ever present Lord and Saviour.

We cannot overlook another figure in the drama of the Incarnation. That is Joseph, the God-fearing man betrothed to Mary. Something of the gentleness and faith of Joseph is written indelibly into the story. When Jesus used the word "father" to describe God, was He remembering the gentle, kindly, loving Joseph?

How tragic would be the loss of the stories of the birth of Jesus if we did not have the gospels of Matthew and Luke. Only from the lips of Mary and Joseph could many of the details of the story have come. The mystery of the virgin birth is beyond human wisdom. Accepting Jesus Christ as the Miracle of miracles, it is not difficult to accept the record of His birth. Delight in the sentimental celebration of Christmas with its carols and gifts can only be complete when we remember that the miracle of Christmas is renewed whenever Christ is born in a human heart.

Questions:

What do the first two chapters of Luke add to the story of the birth and childhood of Jesus? Does our celebration of Christmas help our children to know the name of Jesus with all it implies? What can our church do to encourage the recognition of Christ in Christmas in our community?

• Sunday, December 28

WISE MEN SEEK JESUS

MATTHEW 2:1-12; JEREMIAH 29:13

CHRISTIANS everywhere celebrate Christmas. There is another feast day, celebrated before Christmas became popular, yet unknown to many Christians. It is Epiphany. Like Christmas it has a fixed date, January 6th. Churches that follow the traditional gospel lessons of the church year always use the story of the wise men on that day. Epiphany means literally "to shine forth." Since the wise men were foreigners upon whom the Light shone, the Epiphany season emphasizes foreign missions.

The story of the wise men is often added to the story of Jesus' birth at

Christmas celebrations. There is surely no harm in this, but it should be remembered that the visit of the men from the East was *not* to the stable where Jesus was born. That honor was reserved for the humble shepherds. As soon as Mary and Jesus could be moved Joseph had secured a house for them. It was in this house that the wise men found Jesus some time after the adoration of the shepherds.

Tradition has added many details to the Epiphany story. Names are given the three wise men and they are called kings. One is young, another middle-aged and the third, an old man. Significance is given to the particular gifts laid before Jesus. The familiar hymn "We Three Kings of Orient Are" has made the story live for countless thousands. Caspar brought gold, representing wealth. Melchior brought frankincense, the fragrant resins burned before the altar in sacrifice, suggesting, as George A. Buttrick has said, "our inner treasure of thought and influence." Balthazar brought myrrh, a perfume used in embalming, symbolizing the death of Jesus on the cross. Maybe we make too much of such details in the story. Certainly these were rich gifts, not the gifts usually given to carpenters' babies.

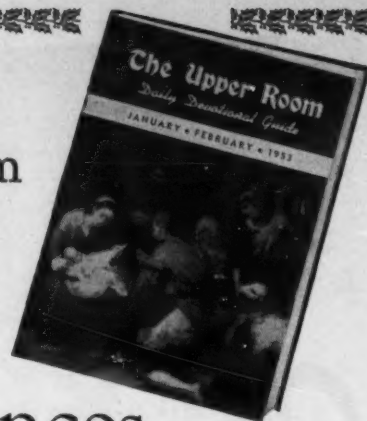
The wise men were astrologers, students of the stars. An unusually bright star would stir their interest. They were also acquainted with Hebrew history and prophecy. The Jews connected the star out of Jacob (Numbers 24:17) with the coming of the Messiah. The wise men were sufficiently impressed to make the long journey to see whether this new star was related to a new king of the Jews. They knew enough of the prophecies to feel sure that when he came, he would bring a blessing on all the world. They naturally went to Herod, and in consultation with the priests he referred them to Micah 5:2, where Bethlehem is given as the birthplace of the Messiah. Then they lost no time in going to Bethlehem and, guided by the star, they found Jesus.

Herod's suspicion and hate were aroused. He would have no rival king. Warned, the wise men did not return to Jerusalem as Herod asked. Then followed the flight of Joseph and his family into Egypt and the horrible murder of the male children of Bethlehem. So, while still a Babe in arms, Jesus met the hate, jealousy and cruelty that would one day mock Him as He died on the Cross.

Questions:

The Queen of Sheba came to Solomon bringing gifts in order to hear his wisdom. What brought the wise men to Jesus? Does this suggest that reverent worship should be keyed to praise and adoration as well as to seeking guidance?

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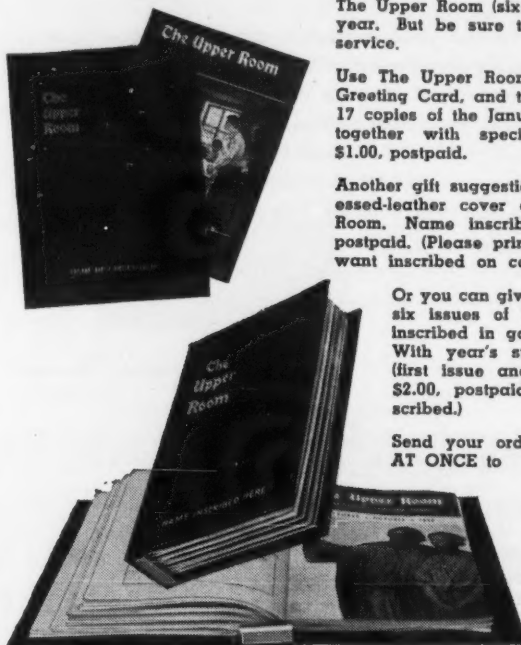
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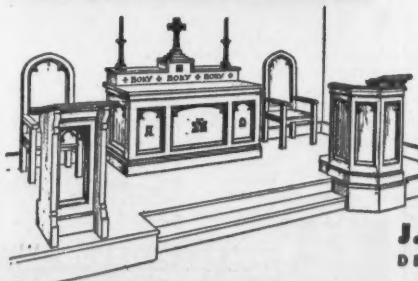
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MY STAR IN THE EAST

(Continued from page 18)

over the last half mile. The ice within me began to thaw.

Suddenly the storm, long brewing, swept the sea at which we gazed. The waves swelled and rolled and crashed. And there, right in the swell of a huge breaker, was a fisherman's little boat! I cried out for the frail thing's safety.

Miss Rees' voice came to me, calm as a dove, through the spray of the gale. "Don't worry. She'll come safely to harbor..."

Long after the little boat had ridden out the storm, Miss Rees sat there, quietly talking to me about life, and courage to weather its storms.

"If the sails of one's soul are set right," she told me in her serene, sure voice, "one will come safely to Heaven, never fear."

Ah! That was what I wanted! For my mother was in Heaven.

Fearfully I asked, "How do I set them right—the sails of my soul?"

"What were your mother's last words to you?" asked Miss Rees, her eyes far off to sea. "Don't tell me if you'd rather not."

But, suddenly, I wanted to. Just talking to someone like this, who was so kind, and yet kept her distance, brought to me a strange comfort, a warmth. Tears flooded my eyes. The relief of them, the release!

"She whispered, 'Goodbye, Kitten. Be good... always.' She always called me 'Kitten' when she was especially loving me."

Miss Rees took from the pocket of her tweed coat a worn, slim green book.

"I use it daily," she said. "Prayer is the surest way I know of setting the sails of one's soul right. That is what helps me most."

Prayer was the secret, she told me, of victory, of the power to see things through, of heartsease. Not just the prayers one prayed in church, but everyday prayers as one went about one's work and play.

This was a new Miss Rees! Her words poured out, eager, eloquent. Her calm brown eyes had golden sparks in them, like stardust. Then—I never knew how it happened—we were down on our knees together, by the boulder, as if before a church altar, and I was praying away, in halting words, all the bitter rebellion, the stony loneliness of my little-girl heart.

Kneeling there, I glimpsed for the first time the glory of a religion like Elizabeth's, which one lived daily—quietly, simply, completely, giving all one was, and all one had.

Although I did not know it then, she had shown me the Way, just as miraculously as had the Star of Old.

and had set my young feet upon it. I was twenty-five when I sailed for America. Among my flowers and gay bon voyage gifts was a small, drab package wrapped in a paper sack, tied with grocery string.

I opened it with curious fingers. Inside was a slim book of prayers, similar to the one Elizabeth Rees had taken from her pocket that long-ago day on the cliffs. She had carefully bound it in sailcloth, as a reminder of the little boat we had watched ride out the storm, and come safely to harbor. On the fly-leaf she had written the one word, "Kitten."

It is on my desk as I write this. Its leaves are frayed from daily use. Its cover has been twice replaced. It has traveled back and forth across the ocean with me; it has been hidden under my pillow in sick room and hospital. It is my treasured spiritual compass, the greatest guiding power in my life, next to my Bible.

Because of all it symbolizes, I have taught classes of teen-agers, in churches of half a dozen different denominations, praying that I may pass on something of what Miss Rees gave me.

SINGING HE GOES

(Continued from page 19)

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"Bev" Shea believes in hymns, and his life backs up his philosophy. His father was a Canadian Methodist minister. That middle name "Beverly" (by which he is known to most of his friends) came from an evangelist whom his father greatly admired. Bev was the fourth of eight children.

The Shea family seemed to move regularly every four years, as the father was called to various pastorates. They first came to the United States when Beverly was eight, but four years later returned to Canada. As a lad, he did his first singing in the choir of his father's Methodist Church in Ottawa.

At the age of twenty, Bev entered Houghton College in western New York. There he took an active part in vocal work, among other things singing in the Houghton College Choir

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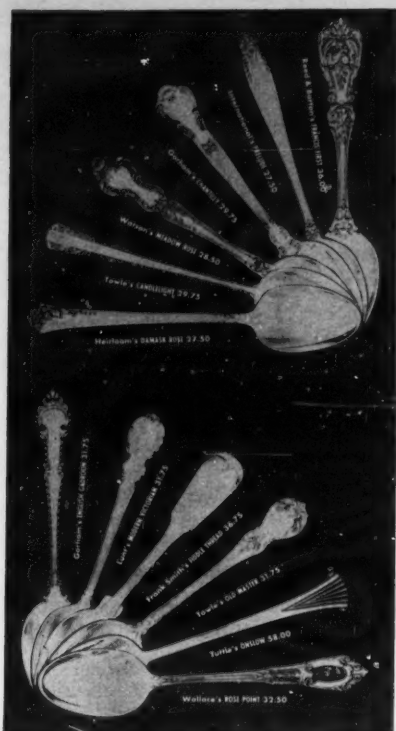
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under Wilfred C. Bain, an Eastman School of Music alumnus, who strongly urged the young basso to study voice seriously. Bev took his advice and went to New York City, working for an insurance firm to finance singing lessons. "Many times," Bev recalls, "I was tempted to give it up."

On one of those discouraging days, he dialed in a radio program featuring John Charles Thomas, whom he greatly admired. Recalling that Thomas' own father was also a pastor, Bev impulsively wrote him asking for advice.

Thomas sent him a most encouraging reply. "We all have difficulties in getting a start," he wrote, and advised the young singer to look up his own voice coach, Gino Monaco, who could give him authoritative advice. After listening to Bev sing for a few minutes, Monaco not only told him his vocal endowments were excellent, but accepted him as a pupil. Bev's talent blossomed under the master's tutelage. But the young basso never forgot that he was learning to sing for a purpose. He had more than talent; he had a calling.

In 1937, Bev and his closest friend, also studying voice, decided to audition for a men's radio chorus. To their surprise, both were accepted. Bev's friend jumped at the chance.

Bev was making only \$34 a week in the insurance field. The radio chorus job held out an alluring \$75. Furthermore, Bev had been wanting to get married. But he hesitated to sign up for the chorus. The group sang mostly popular songs, with a few classics, and only occasionally a religious number. For years, he had dreamed of a career in sacred song alone. So, after much inward struggle, he finally decided to turn down the offer.

Bev has never regretted the course he took at that crossroads. "When you sing hymns, you reach right into people's hearts," he says now. "Popular songs can't do it! Many times I've seen how a simple hymn could move vast audiences in a way that no Tin Pan Alley product could ever hope to do."

After turning down the radio choir offers for popular song work in 1937, Bev went back to studying voice. He made a reputation in New York church circles by singing for special services, youth gatherings, and occasionally a religious radio program.

In 1937, he was asked by a Jersey City pastor to take an early morning broadcast for a week, while the pastor was away. As emcee of this pre-breakfast program, Bev had a terrible time getting anyone out so early to help him, and so in desperation he filled in most of the time simply singing old-time favorite hymns, with a bit of Scripture reading. It was an instant hit.

This same year Bev made his first

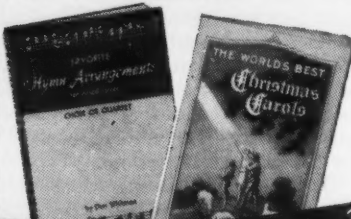


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recording, which he subsidized himself. He had 7000 impressions made of "Jesus Whispers Peace" and "God Understands." They were sold chiefly at summer Bible conferences and in religious bookstores, but in a few months he got his investment back and a modest margin of profit. This so encouraged him that a year or two later he ventured to make 15,000 more discs which sold out in a few months.

When an opportunity came for full time radio work with the staff of the Moody Bible Institute's WMBI, in Chicago, Beverly Shea felt this was the chance he had been waiting for, and promptly accepted. He worked here for five years as announcer and staff soloist, specializing in the hymns and Gospel songs he had grown to love. Soon he was being asked to take engagements at religious conferences, meetings and various church gatherings. In the early 40's, beside his WMBI work, his voice was featured on a Sunday evening program, "Voices in the Night," from one of Chicago's large stations. His name was getting around.

Then a big manufacturer in the Chicago area conceived the idea of sponsoring a nationwide program, the central theme of which would be hymns, old and new, and other sacred selections. He decided to try the scheme experimentally for a time. The program was christened "Club Time," and Bev was the featured singer. The "experiment" is now almost nine years old and going strong. From first to last, it has featured Bev's rich basso voice. Countless thousands of fan letters each year attest to its continued popularity.

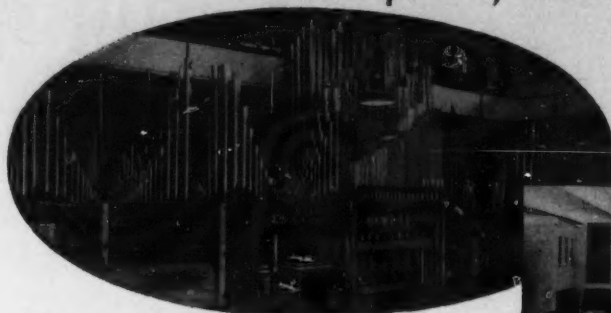
When Billy Graham launched out on his phenomenal evangelistic career, he needed a singer of unquestioned talent and dedication. Bev was his man. Between evangelistic campaigns and singing engagements Bev enjoys relaxing at his home in Western Springs, Illinois. There he likes to don his old clothes, garden around the place and play with his five-year-old son Ronnie.

Bev Shea is a big bundle of a man, not as tall as he looks on TV, but built like a quarterback. His eyes sparkle with a sense of humor. And he's a happy man. He is doing what he most enjoys doing.

Although Bev has written several sacred songs, his best known is "I'd Rather Have Jesus." The words were written back in 1922 by Mrs. Rhea H. Miller. When Bev's mother stumbled upon the poem, she drew it to the attention of her son, and on an afternoon in the late 30's, in a flair of inspiration, he sat down and composed the music to it. It was the identical music which is now used.

"It's my 'theme song,'" Bev says. One need only listen to him sing to know that it is. THE END

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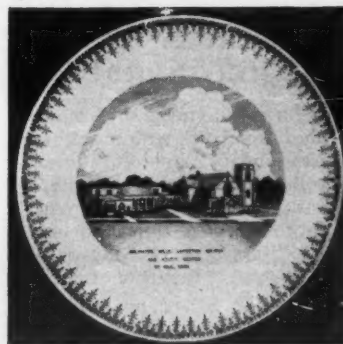
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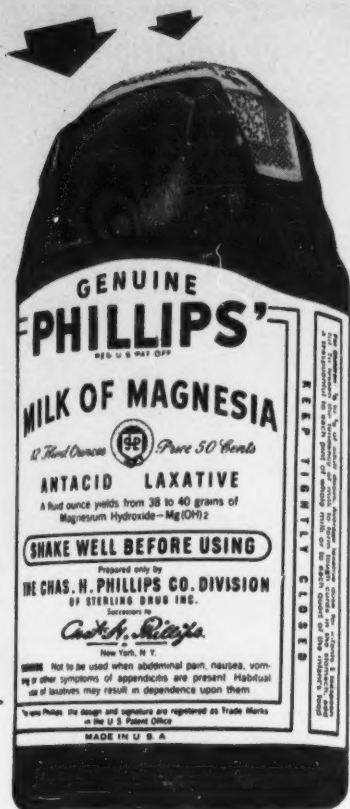
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THE SPICE OF LIFE

Prediction

Forecasting the coming styles, the fashion editor wrote: "There will be little change in men's pockets this year."

Thrifty

Wife: "Oh, John, the woman next door has a hat exactly like my new one."

Hubby: "And I suppose you want me to buy you another?"

Wife: "Well, it would be cheaper than moving."

Well Informed

Professor: "Before we begin our final exam, are there any questions?"

Student: "What's the name of this course?"

Safety First

Jerry: "Mother, I just took a splinter out of my hand with a pin."

Mother: "A pin? Don't you know that is dangerous?"

Jerry: "It's all right. I used a safety pin."

Discreet

A woman passenger was taken on a tour of inspection by the ship's captain during an Atlantic crossing. When she was finally escorted into a compartment in which there were stored

several boxes of skyrockets, she asked what those were for. The captain replied, "To send up in case the ship is ever in distress."

"Well, I don't think that is any time for a celebration," the woman exclaimed.

—Builders

Better Than None

Little Susan and her playmate came home with their second-grade report cards. The playmate proudly showed her grade—B plus. Susan's mother remarked sadly to her daughter, "Yours isn't quite that good, dear." Susan looked at her own B minus and with a bright smile answered, "Well, I almost got a plus—I got half of it!"

—The Lookout

Timely

Mother: "What have you done with all your money, son?"

Billy: "Well, Mother, yesterday was a rainy day, so I spent it."

How's That?

A stranger, while traveling through Arizona, noticed the dry, dusty appearance of the country. He asked: "Doesn't it ever rain here?"

"Rain? Rain?" questioned the native. "Why, say, pardner, there's frogs in this town over 10 years old that haven't learned to swim yet."



DUNDIBERG

"Is there some way I can tell when he's playing something?"

Stretching It

Tenant: "Why raise my rent when my room is all the way up in the miserable attic?"

Landlord: "You use more stairs than anybody else."
—*Watchman-Examiner*

Cause and Effect

Host: "My wife took great pains with that cucumber salad she made."

Guest: "So did I."

Special Invitation

On entering the house a little boy said that he had just seen a television program at a neighbor's house. "Oh, Junior," his mother said, "you shouldn't go to anyone's house unless you're invited!"

"But I was invited, Mommy," he replied. "I walked up to the house, knocked on the door, and someone said: 'Come in!'"

Just Deserts

"I'm sorry the manager isn't in," said the clerk to the pompous individual who had strutted in. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No," snapped the visitor. "I never deal with underlings. I'll wait until the manager returns."

About an hour later the pompous one became impatient. "How much longer do you think the manager will be?" he demanded.

"About two weeks," was the reply. "He just left on vacation."
—*The Shield*

Wishful Thinking

Sign in an executive's office: "Public opinion pollsters say eight per cent of the public has no opinion. I have never met any of these charming people."

In-the-Know

Storekeeper: "No, I wouldn't cash a check for my own brother."

Angry customer: "Well, I suppose you know your family better than anyone else."
—*Humor*

No Hurry

Porter: "Shall I whisk you off, sir?"
Passenger: "No; I will get off the usual way."

Hopeful

Burglar: "What are you laughing at?"

Householder: "That you come at night without a light to look for money where I can't find any in broad daylight."
—*The Lookout*

Thoughtful

"Every Saturday you go fishing," she complained, "and you know I don't like fish."

"Well," said he, "I catch as few as possible, don't I?"



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caffeine-free! So, enjoy POSTUM regularly—let the whole family enjoy it—and see how it helps make being together, doing things together more fun!

Here are the scientific facts about caffeine in coffee and tea! Caffeine is a drug! It is a stimulant that acts on the brain and central nervous system. Also, in susceptible persons, caffeine tends to produce harmful stomach acidity. So, while many people can drink coffee or tea without ill-effect, for others indigestion, nervous hypertension and sleepless nights result.

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DOCTORS AGREE: Never give a child coffee. Serve Postum-with-milk instead. Children really love it!

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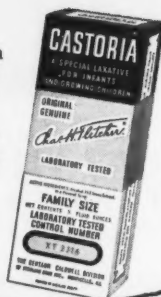
Extra Mild—Contains No Harsh Drugs—Won't Upset Sensitive Little Stomachs!

When your child needs a laxative, never upset him with harsh adult preparations. Give Fletcher's Castoria, the natural laxative especially made for children from nature's own vegetable products. Contains no cascara, no castor oil, no salts, and no harsh drugs. Won't cause griping, diarrhea, nor upset sensitive digestive systems. Mild Fletcher's Castoria acts gently, thoroughly, and you can regulate dosage exactly. What's more, it's so pleasant-tasting, children take it without fussing. Get it now.

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THE TWO POINSETTIAS

(Continued from page 25)

I think of last year's Christmas Eve, I don't think of snow or caroling. I think of Dorney and the poinsettias, the Fenners and Mrs. Winslow. In that order. And, of course, of Mother's hurricane lamp.

If that sounds mixed-up, it's because you're not a "little-towner," as Father says. You don't know how up and down streets, and in stores and houses, everybody knows everybody else and speaks, warm-like, about each other's colds, and cakes, and furnace troubles—especially in December. Everybody but the Fenners and Mrs. Winslow, that is.

Ask anybody in Four Meadows how many years it was that Mrs. Winslow and the Fenners didn't speak, and they could tell you, to the day almost, when it started.

It was the September Neal Winslow would have gone back to his third year of law school. Two nights before he was to leave he eloped with Marilee Fenner.

Maybe it was because of the big Winslow house on the ridge and the little Fenner house behind the mill on Cobb Street. Or because Mr. Winslow, when he died, had left behind all the money he made in wheat—and Mr. Fenner, alive, barely had enough to leave school lunch money for the kids when he went to work of a day. Anyhow, Mrs. Winslow got so angry that for two weeks she stormed around, all alone, refusing to see anybody. And then when the telegram came saying Neal had been killed in a car accident on their honeymoon, she froze—ice-solid—and never went out among people again.

Not even when Marilee herself got killed four years later, as a war nurse overseas, did Mrs. Winslow so much as let on to anybody that she knew.

It was hard on the Fenners. And it was bad for lots of things in Four Meadows. The library, where Mrs. Winslow had always kept up the drapes and furniture. The park, where you could depend on her to buy new swings when the old ones wore out. And First Church, where she had given the organ. What some folks didn't understand, Father said, was that it was hard on Mrs. Winslow, too.

First Church always has services at eight o'clock on Christmas Eve. Not real services, but a children's program, and carol singing, and then presents given out from under the big tree by Sam Mattingly, whose Santa Claus suit is getting so worn Mrs. Mattingly had to patch it last year.

Father says that even greenhouse people have a right to Christmas Eve, so we close the shop at 7:30 and go,

(Continued on page 78)

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

Edited by
**BETTY JUNG
FITZSIMMONS**



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- 1 RED
- 2 YELLOW
- 3 BLUE
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- 6 PINK
- 7 GRAY

COLOR THE FIGURES NEATLY, USING COLORS SUGGESTED OR YOUR OWN COMBINATION. PASTE THE COLORED FIGURES ON LIGHT CARDBOARD AND THEN CUT THEM OUT. DRAW A WINDOW AND BEAMS INSIDE A CANDY BOX, TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A STABLE, AND INSERT FIGURES IN SLOTS CUT IN FLOOR AND WALL AS SHOWN.

Christmas Customs

CHRISTMAS is an exciting time of year. For weeks much time is spent getting ready for the day. Have you ever wondered why we use evergreens to decorate our homes? Or why we hang stockings by the fireplace?

There is an old German legend which tells about the first Christmas tree. Back in those early years, after Jesus was born, a man named Winfred went to the people of Scandinavia to tell them about Christ. He found that the people were worshiping trees. One Christmas Eve, many people were

gathered around a huge oak tree to worship it. Winfred took an ax and cut it down. In its place appeared a fir tree, so the quaint story goes. Winfred told the people that the green fir was a symbol of endless life.

"Take the fir tree into your homes," he said. "Use it in your celebration of the birthday of Christ who came to bring us eternal life."

In those early days, the Christmas tree's lights represented flashes of lightning. Other ornaments used were apples, nuts and balls to represent the

What Do YOU Think?

The First Christmas

We three kings have traveled afar,
In search of the Babe under yon wondrous star;
He lay on clean straw, no crib for His bed,
A halo so holy encircled His head.
Frankincense, gold and myrrh were brought
As gifts to this King, who so long we have sought.
Shepherds tending their flocks by night,
Came to behold this beautiful sight;
The noise of the cows and the mules then cease,
For all seem to know, He was the Prince of Peace.
Someday He'll come back again,
With the same glory and majesty as He did then.

—Paul Van Ness, age 12, Newark, N.J.

sun, moon and stars. But as people grew to know what the birthday of Jesus meant to the world, the lighted tree stood for Christ, who is the Light of the world. Then Christian symbols were used—angels, crosses and stars.

The mistletoe, which causes so much merriment, was believed by the ancient peoples to have a special power. Whenever men met under the mistletoe in the forest, no matter how great their enmity, they would drop their weapons and be at peace with each other. It is easy to see how the idea of friendship became connected with the mistletoe.

Long ago, a few centuries after Jesus was born, there lived a man named Nicholas, Bishop of Myra. He was a very good man and was always helping people who were poor. It is said that he never wanted anyone to know who was helping them, so he always tried to give his help and his gifts secretly. To help a proud but poor nobleman, Nicholas dropped his gift of money through the chimney, thinking it would fall on the hearth. But the nobleman's daughter had washed his socks and hung them by the fire to dry, and the money fell into a sock.

The good Bishop died on the 6th of December, and people in many countries honor him by celebrating that day by filling the shoes of the children with goodies. Now we have stockings filled on Christmas Eve by Santa Claus, which is short for St. Nicholas.

But no matter what customs we use in our celebration, they can only make Christmas happy if we know that it is Christ's birthday, when God showed us His Love by sending His Son.

A WAVE OF PEACE comes to the sorrowing heart with the choice of a Clark Grave Vault. For it means that a loved one will have the world's most trusted protection against water from rain and melting snow.*



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GRAVE VAULTS
The finest tribute • The most trusted protection

THE TWO POINSETTIAS

(Continued from page 76)

even though it means working like crazy right up until then.

Last Christmas, with the hotel wanting corsage favors for its guests, we were extra-rushed. I was in the wrapping room and all the work tables were deep in wreaths and plastic snow and frosted bells. Mother was making a cone hanging for the parsonage, as a last-minute gift to Reverend Buford and his wife, and Father was measuring off cellophane roping, and losing count and having to measure again.

I was gathering up chenille candy canes and putting them back in a box when somehow I happened to look in the mirror above the bench, and there, in the other room, Dorney was bending over the cash register, and the drawer was going shut.

It was a funny thing, I thought—he only delivered for us; he never waited on customers, or got behind a counter even. But just then Father's arm, when he measured another yard from his nose to fingers, tipped my box, and the canes went spilling and I had to scramble for them.

At a quarter of seven Father got a list and began setting out the last deliveries of the evening. I put on my fur-lined jacket and my cap with the earmuffs; Dorney had promised I could go along to help. Just as I got into my gloves, Mother said, "Let's see now, Cleo. The centerpiece for Mrs. Abbey. The box of corsages to the hotel. The yellow rose to the Nicholson apartments—Gladys Reanes. These two poinsettias—"

She stopped and looked at them. "I thought we had only one more poinsettia to go—Emil's."

"That's right," Father said.

"But here are two." Mother pushed back a limp strand of hair while Father checked the list again.

"Where does the other one go?" Father asked, even as Mother was looking at the envelope.

"Mrs. Winslow!"

The words came out in a little gasp, and there was plenty of silence in the shop then.

"I didn't take the order," Father said, looking dumbfounded, "I would have remembered that for sure."

"Maybe Jennie," Mother suggested. Jennie is a girl who helps us through Christmas rush. "Before she went home."

"Then she forgot to write it down."

It was a handsome poinsettia, although not quite so big as the other one. Mother and Father both bent over it while Mother pulled out the card from inside the envelope. It was blank.

"Well—" Father said, and looked sadly at Dorney. "If it's got her name

on it, it's got to be delivered, although I don't envy you the errand."

Dorney rubbed his sleeve across the end of his nose till it reddened like the poinsettias. "Come on, Cleo," he said.

The air outside was icy cold, and poked right up your sleeves. We got everything in the back end of the truck, and then we sat up front, and Dorney started the heater. "Got on the dress you're going to wear to church?"

I nodded—I'd changed into it when we went home for supper—and spread the skirt out, under my coat.

"Know your piece?"

I wished Dorney wouldn't call my recitation a piece. The younger kids said "pieces." And this year mine was more than a recitation even; it was a whole story I was going to tell, as though it weren't memorized at all. I felt the paper, worn from so many foldings, in my pocket, and nodded.

"Good. We may just barely get to the church in time."

I looked at him and wondered if he was expecting flat tires.

We took the hotel corsages first, then Mrs. Abbey's centerpiece, and the roses to Miss Reanes. Coming back across town from the Nicholson apartments Dorney looked at the bank clock and grunted. It was 7:15. "Let's have a hot chocolate," he said.

"But—"

"It'll keep your piece warmed up good inside you, for saying," he said.

So we went into Dundee's Drugs and sat at the counter, and people looked at us as they passed in and out, and some of them grinned, knowing how Dorney Trumble and I were friends.

I drank mine fast, being careful, though, to save the marshmallow until last. But Dorney just played along with his, not even browning his mustache good until it was 7:32 by the clock. It wasn't like Dorney to take his time so when he had a delivery to make.

The Winslow house was mighty big to have just one light burning. But that was the way it had been ever since Neal went away—just Mrs. Winslow there all to herself, nobody going or coming. There was a maid from over in Blodgett City who came daytimes and cleaned and bought the groceries. And a man who tended the grounds.

I swallowed hard and tried to pretend that nothing was hammering at my ribs. "Well, now—" I began.

But Dorney said, "It's my turn, Miss Two Braids." And he tweaked one of them and went around to the back of the truck.

It seemed forever before he started

up the big walk, and I wondered what was taking him so long. Then he was standing like a midget when the porch light finally flipped on, and a woman who must have been Mrs. Winslow was in the doorway. He held out the poinsettia to her and turned and hurried down the steps before you could say Dorney Trumble.

"What did she say?" I whispered, when he was back in the truck.

Dorney looked sort of funny. "Nothing," he said. And seemed to be holding his breath.

It was five minutes of eight when we got to the church, and Dorney slipped in the side door and put Emil's poinsettia with the other presents under the big tree.

Emil is the little French boy who had come to live with the Fenners ten months before. All the way from France and the hospital where Marilee had written home about finding him. Seems nobody knew who he was, or how old. But the way the Fenners took him right in, you'd never know he was an orphan, and I guess he doesn't either now.

The organ and the piano were playing together, and every now and then Miss Smallett, at the organ, would throw in a chime and you'd feel it catch in your throat. You could smell the tree, and candles burning.

I had to go up front with the program folks; Dorney picked himself a pew by the door. I saw Mother and Father, back a few rows, looking anxious, so then I had Smokey Nelson whisper to them that we'd stopped for hot chocolate.

Smokey forgot his piece; he always does. And little Jolene Johnson tripped on the steps, going up, and just sat where she was and said hers. My part was over before I knew it, and then I remembered I'd meant to tell the author's name—because it was more than a recitation, really—and hadn't.

We sang "Away In a Manger" and "The First Noel," so soft and sure that the church seemed bound all around with the words, like we were all one voice, and then Sam Mattingly stamped in and the lights came on. I couldn't see any patches on his suit, but Mrs. Mattingly doesn't make up things so I guess there were some, all right. The Sunday-school superintendent called out names on the packages and boys in the Wonder Workers class handed them out when the people came forward.

I got a head scarf from old Mrs. Minton that I run errands for sometimes, and a Girl Scout sweater from Mother and Father—although I knew most of my Christmas was home under our own tree, like always.

I was folding the sweater back in its tissue paper when suddenly the super-

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intendent called out, "Mrs. Alice Winslow," and one of the boys was holding up the poinsettia we'd put under the tree for Emil.

Well sir, all the sounds stopped on the second—and you could have heard a mouse breathe.

I was looking like mad for Dorney, wondering what-on-earth, and I didn't see Mrs. Winslow until she was all the way up front. Folks said later that she'd stood up, straight as a shot arrow, from a back seat by the door when her name was called, and that she'd walked forward in a kind of daze.

The most astounding thing, though, was that in her hands she held another poinsettia!

IT WAS like when they stop a movie all of a sudden; nobody spoke, or even cleared his throat. Then she said, kind of scratchy, "It—it must be a mistake. This came—to my house, and the card inside says"—her voice shook—"All my love, and thank you for giving me Christmas—Emil," and outside, on the envelope—"She swallowed.

"—Clara Fenner, in care of Santa, First Church Christmas Tree," the Wonder Worker boy read for her, very matter-of-fact.

Slowly Mrs. Fenner came forward, and Mrs. Winslow handed her the flower. They just looked at each other for a minute while everything was still, and though I wasn't very close to Mrs. Winslow I could tell her eyes were sort of soft and misty all of a sudden.

The boy was still holding the other poinsettia, and Mrs. Winslow was looking at it, saying again, dimly, "It must be another mistake, as I said. Nobody would—"

But then she must have seen her name, printed big on the envelope, and when he thrust it out again, she took it woodenly, and sat down where she was in an empty seat.

Sam Mattingly went to, in a hurry, with the other packages. I saw Dorney must have mixed up the poinsettias, and I was thinking how awful it was going to be when Mrs. Winslow saw there was no writing on the card inside the one for her. I looked at Father, and his face was very white.

But when she took out the card she held it a long time, wonderingly, and Smokey Nelson saw, over her shoulder, and was sure it said plain as day in big print, "From a Friend."

Everybody said the Lord's Prayer together, and then the organ music rang loud, clear across Four Meadows, while we pushed outside.

There was a taxi waiting for Mrs. Winslow—Mr. Blenson at the drug store across the street told us later that it had pulled up in front of the shop just after Mother and Father closed it, and that she had pounded the door

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while the taximan waited. But he must have had a lot longer wait at the church. Because everybody crowded around and some people had to hunt for their handkerchiefs—

I was going to stay and watch everything, and maybe do a little explaining about the mix-up, though I couldn't quite figure out about the writing on the card. But Father got me by the hand and said to come on and let well enough alone.

Dorney had already gone in the truck, maybe so I wouldn't ask questions. And all day Christmas he kept changing the subject when it came up.

He needn't have bothered. When Father checked over the Christmas receipts next day there were four dollars and fifty cents more in the cash register than there should have been, and Jennie said nobody had so much as breathed the name of Mrs. Winslow to her.

I had my mouth wide open, but Dorney came by and stuck a left-over sugar plum smack in the middle of it.

There was a question of how to enter the \$4.50 on the books, so then Father gave it to Mother and told her to buy herself something she'd always wanted—and so she put it back in the cash register, paying wholesale price, and took the hurricane planter lantern that had been sitting in the same for-sale spot in our shop for two years.

"Why, Nella," Father said gently, "if I'd known you wanted that—"

And Dorney seemed pleased as punch, like he'd given her some special present himself.

WHEN I asked Mother how it happened that Mrs. Winslow came to the shop and then to the church to hunt up the Fenner's, she said she guessed nobody could feel responsible for keeping a child's present from his mother on Christmas Eve. Especially a boy who hadn't had a mother to remember with a Christmas gift before. And when I asked what got Mrs. Winslow in such a nice mellow daze, Mother said maybe it was sitting there remembering how Marilee and Neal used to stand up in First Church saying pieces themselves.

The big question, though—the one I didn't dare ask until later, when Dorney was back in his own house again—was how a person like him could be so smart and so brave, when everybody else in Four Meadows, all those years—

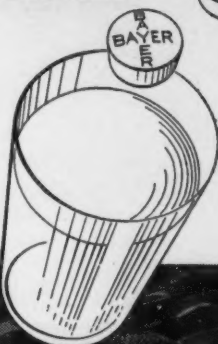
"Dorney is a simple person, Cleo," Mother said. "And sincere. And sometimes people like that have the most courage."

But I don't think Dorney is simple at all. If Sam Mattingly isn't really Santa—why then, maybe Dorney Trumble is.

THE END

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ALTHOUGH THE popular conception of the Pilgrim fathers may receive a few jolts in this MGM film, here is a believable and absorbing tale of adventure. The main historical facts—which have been considerably embellished by tradition—have been preserved.

At first, we find many people assembled on the Southampton quayside. There are rough men about, some of them belonging to the crew of the *Mayflower*, anchored in the harbor. Her captain, Christopher Jones, a hardened sailor, is unconcerned by the purpose of those who are leaving the old world for the new in search of freedom and animated by the holy zeal of worshiping God according to the dictates of their own conscience. Not all the Pilgrims are saints; there are some who seek only adventure or gain.

During the *Mayflower* crossing we find ourselves caught up in the cross-currents of human behavior. We recognize the well-known William Bradford, William Brewster, John Carver, Captain Myles Standish, John Alden, the Winslow broth-

OTHER CURRENT FILMS

Audience Suitability Ratings:

**A—Adults; Y—Young people;
F—Family**

EDITOR'S NOTE: Except where so stated, these reviews are not to be construed as endorsements, either of specific films or of movie-going in general. They are for the guidance of readers who attend motion pictures, not inducements to those who do not. The "sustainability" classification, moreover, is no guarantee the film is flawless; it is merely a guide.

Films starred (★) are of exceptional merit.

(★) **THE THIEF** (*United Artists*). Not a word is spoken in this highly dramatic film. A nuclear physicist working on a secret governmental atomic project furnishes information to a foreign power. The inner conflicts of the hounded man, his resistance, his submission, the gradual awakening of his conscience and his final resolve are revealed only through his actions and his facial expression. Descriptive music as well as silence suggest feelings experienced. The plot, which shows the relentless oppression of well-organized destructive forces on a misled man, is pared down to essentials. Suspense is cumulative; the most absorbing interest is claimed from the start. Many familiar spots in Washington and in New York add to the atmosphere of authenticity. **A. V.**



The historic signing of the Mayflower Compact is re-enacted in MGM's dramatic "Plymouth Adventure." At left is the ship's captain, played by Spencer Tracy.

ers and others. We get glimpses of the hardships endured and the terrific storms encountered. We observe the involved relationships, the tenderness of youthful affection, the crushing devastation of adult desire. Above all is the undefeatable purpose of the "pilgrims" and the ultimate conquest of the rough and lusty captain by the dignity of spirit of those he first despised. That men, through a common goal, can be united, is a lesson which never ceases to be timely.

Added to the content of this story is the

UNDER THE RED SEA (RKO). A group of Austrian scientists and photographers study marine life in the depths of the Red Sea. Interest is captured at the beginning through depiction of life in the thriving trading port of Port Sudan, and preparation for the expedition. The actual undersea exploration is a fascinating pursuit; the audience participates by observing the teeming life, from minute corals and a variety of fish to sharks and the gigantic manta ray. Instructive and entertaining. **F**

LIMELIGHT (*United Artists*). A young, despondent ballet dancer and an old comedian who seeks solace in drink are thrown together by their misfortunes. He inspires in her the desire to live and to fulfill her ambitions, and she, in turn, tries to bring him back to fame. The story is told with the humor and pathos characteristic of Charles Chaplin, who is responsible for the film's inception and ex-

delight derived from the artistic beauty of the production. The use of subdued Technicolor is most appropriate for the story told. The sea aroused in storm and the calmer approach to shore are inspiring.

A particularly successful choice has been made for the main actors and large supporting cast. The musical score embodies a thrilling paean of praise.

This is a good picture to see in a time when we are seeking to appreciate and preserve the principles which have made America great in spirit. **F**

ecution. People of the theater and from London's night-life of the period (1917) as well as some derelict characters are well portrayed. The musical score is interesting. This film is "different," rounded entertainment. **A. V.**

THE SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO (20th Century-Fox). Ernest Hemingway's short story has been considerably enlarged for fuller motion picture treatment. The theme remains basically the same—a popular writer, before dying on an African safari from an infected wound, reviews his life to find where he has missed the path—but a contrived "good ending" has been devised. Because of excellent photography, good use of background shots and the symbolism implied, one cannot help considering this film as a serious achievement, even if it is the unedifying chronicle of a selfish wastrel who has been false to the best in him. Interesting music, many artistic touches, generally good acting. A

EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS (MGM). The high points of entertainment in this musical are in the singing and dancing sequences contributed singly and together by Marge and Gower Champion, with the extravagant but important backdrop furnished by Technicolor. Career and

CHRISTIAN HERALD

Film Reviews and Ratings by the

PROTESTANT MOTION PICTURE COUNCIL

family life clash in the success of a singing-dancing married team and their marriage goes temporarily on the rocks. The question of divorce is treated rather superficially but with proper attention to its attendant miseries. A "good" ending is provided but the difficulties have not been resolved, except in a "love conquers all" sense. **A, Y**

THE SAVAGE (Paramount). While this story is in the accepted pattern of a western, it is more like a historical drama. "Blue Bonnet," a white boy raised by the Sioux Indians, grows up to take part in the troubles arising in the Dakota hills when the Indians are forced to move into reservations to make room for the development of the country. There is, of course, much violence, but relationships among Indians and with whites are aimed at proving that war is futile. The Black Hills country is beautiful in Technicolor. Generally well acted. **F**

BECAUSE OF YOU (Universal). A girl from the country becomes the victim of evil forces in the city, is convicted of a crime of which she is ignorant and serves a prison term. Because she lacks courage and fears to hurt the man she loves and marries, she hides her past. This catches up with her and nearly ruins her life. This old plot is made interesting through a modernized approach with psychological implications. Some ethical considerations need serious evaluation. Interest is generally sustained. Well acted. **A, Y**

THE TURNING POINT (Paramount). Investigation and exposure of corruption in state and local communities feature a special investigator and a newspaper reporter vs. a gang leader with political connections. This is a timely, engrossing play of human interest; fast moving, with some tense moments. Methods of tracing offenders of the law and their prosecution are revealed. The two young men are motivated by high ideals for the social, moral and ethical standards of the country, one paying with his life. Well acted, with some grim features. **A, Y**

THE MIRACLE OF OUR LADY OF FATIMA (Warners). This is of special interest to Roman Catholic audiences. In 1917, three children tending sheep in a Portuguese valley see an apparition of a "Lady," interpreted to be the Virgin Mary. A voice tells them that to obtain peace the world must pray for it. The implicit faith of the children meets opposition from widely different quarters; there is superstitious hysteria along with godless unbelief. The place where this "miracle" is purported to have happened has become a pilgrimage shrine. Beautiful Warnecolor effects and fine musical background. **A, Y**

MY MAN AND I (MGM). When a naturalized Mexican agricultural worker is cheated out of his pay by the American farmer employing him and is falsely accused of using firearms, his firm belief that good actions bring their just reward suffers a setback. A young woman alcoholic he had befriended helps in shaming the farmers into retracting their perjury. The development of the plot and contrast in characters are interesting, even though

the conversion of the dishonest employers is not altogether convincing. The portrayal of the drinking young woman by Shelley Winters is devoid of glamour so that the pathetic side of her weakness is fully shown. This story of everyday people aims at a social message which could have been stronger. **A, Y**

IT GROWS ON TREES (Universal). The parents of an average family, chronically hard pressed for cash, find themselves the owners of two money-producing trees. The effects on their lives, the responsibility of the government officials unwittingly involved, the community's interest and an amazing denouement are the plot of this satirical fantasy. It must be accepted at its own fantastic face value or the ethical considerations would be reprehensible. Many laughs, a continual sense of expectancy and gentle excitement keep the entertainment simmering. Well acted in the spirit of the tale. **F**

SOMEBODY LOVES ME (Paramount). A musical romance based on the careers of Blossom Seeley and Benny Fields, noted couple of vaudeville days. As portrayed in this story, they had likable personalities and high ambitions. Many of the popular tunes of more than a generation ago will be recognized. Lavish sets and costumes are enriched by Technicolor. A number of vaudeville sketches are embodied in the story. Entertaining. **A, Y**

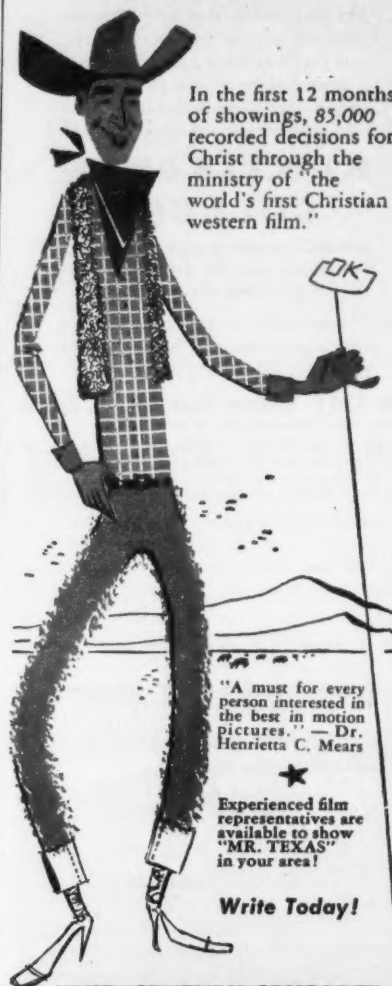
THE CRIMSON PIRATE (Norma; Warners). Undoubtedly meant as satire on lurid adventure tales of piracy, this outdoes them all. While bold, bad men sail the sea for gold, their leader uses the rigging of his sailing ship and the warship he and his crew capture as a trapeze for his acrobatic exploits. The plot seems to be made up as it goes along. The picture is full of rip-roaring action on the bounding main. The hero is an ingenious leader, a daring battler, clever athlete, romantic lover and gay deceiver. Completely impossible, this is purely escapist fare. **F**

SOMETHING FOR THE BIRDS (20th Century-Fox). This satirical farce rouses continuous spontaneous chuckles and hearty laughs by its subtle, adroit spoofing of Congress, lobbies, investigations, parties and visitors with a mission. A young woman concerned with the preservation of a California condor sanctuary which may be invaded by an oil company comes to Washington to press her cause. She finds herself engulfed in cocktail parties and a whirl of activities, all leading to the promotion of selfish interests. Before the end, many situations are righted. All persons come out unscathed and unpunished. Well acted by a good cast. Authentic settings are interesting. **A, Y**

THE RING (United Artists). In this "problem" film, a young Mexican becomes a prize fighter to gain position for himself and money for his parents. Difficulty encountered by his family to make a living is due to discrimination. He learns that one must make good through merit and good sportsmanship rather than by the urge of resentment. The picture misses being as socially significant as it aims to be. Not always convincing. **A, Y**

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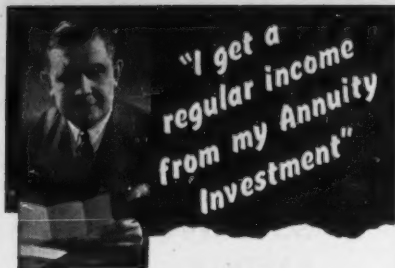
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HE CHEATED DEATH

(Continued from page 65)

he just couldn't make good as a salesman.

One day, after a customer had placed an order with Eddie, Eddie said: "Will you give me a hand with a problem? I've got a good man here who needs confidence. I'll send him in and you let him talk you into giving him this order."

Eddie went out to Nelson and said, "There's a tough customer in there and I don't have time to work on him. See if you can sell him, will you?" Nelson "made the sale." It was his first one, but not his last and it wasn't long before he had completely overcome his handicap. Later he left sales and became a widely known freelance furniture designer. Today he fashions original furniture for factories which do not have designing staffs.

For the first six years after he left his bed, Eddie never consulted a doctor. He refused to worry about his health and appeared outwardly well.

"He had conquered all fear of pain and death," the family's Rabbi, Max Shapiro, told me. "He often said that man's ills were largely imaginary, and he felt he could convince his handicapped employees of that. He was so concerned with the others, he gave no thought to himself. Everything he did grew out of love and devotion, and so he was happy."

By now Eddie believed he had won his fight. When he met and courted Evelyn Fagan, better known as "Sunny," he told her of his heart condition but said he was confident he had overcome it. Sunny was strongly attracted by his unselfishness and the simple kindness of his nature. Not long after his marriage Eddie was called up by his draft board. At the physical examination he heard his death sentence pronounced for the second time: he was told he might die at any moment.

Eddie's answer was to shrug off all urgings to slow down. But he began to tire easily, and sometimes his family caught a fleeting glimpse of pain.

Eddie's heart was weakening, but his crusade was gaining strength. In 1945, it outgrew his factory and began to assume city-wide proportions. In that year, he and a small group of others formed Independence, Inc., an organization devoted to "making independents out of dependents."

Hartman Boone, an arthritis victim who had come to Miami on a stretcher in 1923 and had fought his way against tremendous odds to ownership of his own business, wrote the application for the charter. In April 1945 the charter was granted. "Every handicapped person," it said, "longs for and

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PICTURE OF THE YEAR



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CHRISTIAN HERALD is offering you another opportunity to express your freedom of choice. It invites you to select the motion picture of 1952 that you think “most effectively and artistically dramatized those moral values for which the Christian faith immemorially stands.”

Here is an excellent way to let Hollywood know your judgment of its products. When you vote for a motion picture that is both entertaining and high-minded, you are saying to the producer: “This is the kind of film I like! This is the kind I can take my family to see!” Then the producer knows he will have to serve up more of the same quality. He knows he will have to meet your Christian standards before you put your fifty cents or dollar bill through the box-office window.

A glance at the “Pictures of the Month,” chosen by the Protestant Motion Picture Council, reveals a wide variety of entertainment—from historical spectacle to social drama. Here are twelve of the outstanding films of 1952, pictures that not only entertained but that helped shape better ideas and better lives.

Vote for one of these films—or any other of your choice—as the “Picture of the Year.” Your vote will help you to get better film fare during 1953.

The “Picture of the Year” will be announced in the March, 1953, issue. All ballots must be received by no later than December 31, 1952.

Mark your ballot now and mail it TODAY!

THE 1952 “PICTURES OF THE MONTH”

As selected by the PMPC

QUO VADIS—MGM • THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH—Paramount • WESTWARD THE WOMEN!—MGM • CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY—Lopert Films • THE GIRL IN WHITE—MGM • BELLES ON THEIR TOES—20th Century-Fox • THE STORY OF ROBIN HOOD—RKO (Walt Disney) • IVORY HUNTER—J. Arthur Rank • IVANHOE—MGM • THE STORY OF WILL ROGERS—Warner Brothers • THE AMAZING MONSIEUR FABRE—Walter Futter • PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE—MGM

MAIL THIS BALLOT TODAY!

Motion Picture Editor,
CHRISTIAN HERALD,
27 East 39th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

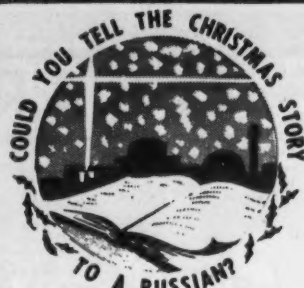
My vote for THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR goes to:

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will jump at the chance to be useful."

For six years, Independence, Inc. has acted as a counselling service for the handicapped and conducted a job-training program; it has placed almost a thousand crippled people in productive positions. Its president, A. J. Cleary, a retired real-estate man, gives credit to the Axlrod family for the "outstanding personal leadership" which has made it a success. But for the past four years the organization has had to operate without Eddie.

One day in September, 1948, Leo Axlrod asked Eddie to call a conference on a business matter. Eddie replied: "There's no time now, Dad. I'm on a one-way street and there aren't any detours."

A month later, on the night of October 28, 1948, Eddie came to the end of his one-way street. That evening Sunny felt the first sharp pains of their daughter's approaching birth and Eddie went for the doctor. Halfway there he guided the car carefully to the curb, rested his head on the wheel, and that was where they found him.

When he learned of Eddie's death, his father suffered a heart attack. But for more than a year he ran the business from his bed in the plant.

"It was hard for a while," he says.

"I felt that I had lost not my son but my father. Eddie was so much more capable than I that the whole family leaned on him. Eddie would have wanted me to carry on his work, and I couldn't let him down." Sunny Axlrod is still there, too, and doing her part.

Today, Independence, Inc. is lending a hand to more and more afflicted people. In addition, members of this pioneer group have brought about the creation of the Miami Chamber of Commerce Disabled Placement Committee. On it are representatives of such groups as the Polio Foundation, the Veterans Administration, the Vocational Rehabilitation Service, the Miami Heart Association, the Lighthouse for the Blind, the Paralyzed Veterans of America. At the head of the committee is Leo Axlrod, Eddie's father.

The committee has coordinated the efforts of these various agencies into one pattern. Largely as a result of their efforts, Florida for the past three years has led all states on a per capita basis in finding jobs for handicapped workers.

It is four years since Eddie Axlrod died and he has no way of knowing the impressive results his crusade has achieved. But perhaps he foresaw it all before he went!

THE END

DEAD MAN'S ALLEY

(Continued from page 31)

of one of them. Pantomiming, he bent his arm in front of him under an invisible chin, then jerked his own head back and made his mouth go taut, to show how the victim would react. The other policeman observed, "Somebody mugged him for his shoes. Full of sneaky pete, and the cold weather finished him off."

Ray developed a sense for trouble, after that. It took only a stealthy shuffle of feet under his window to bring him awake. His sudden appearance in the alley was enough to send the marauders pounding off, and then he turned his attention to their victim.

But in spite of what Ray could do and what the police could do, fifty to seventy-five men a year breathed their last in Dead Man's Alley below Ray's window. He didn't always hear the sounds. He had a job to do during the day and into the night—in the clothing department, in the employment bureau, preaching, doing personal work with the men who crowded the facilities of the Mission, seeing to it that they were assigned beds. Sometimes sheer weariness deepened his sleep. But every morning, he made a ritual of going down the stairway, out through the courtyard, into the alley. Most mornings there was only the odor that not even snow could hide, and the filth.

Other mornings there were the dead or the dying.

Not all of them were victims of assault. Many were victims of self—victims of the weaknesses and sorrows and circumstances which come to all men but which cause some to stand straight and others to slump. One morning the police came to pick up a man who had jumped from the window of the cheap hotel down at the corner. Other times they carried away men whose wounds were all on the inside, where denatured alcohol and canned heat had done their disintegrating work.

But Ray was generally there when the police came, and if the police didn't need to come, he was there with his ready hand and willing shoulder. His batting average wasn't anything to brag about. By the time a man was in the kind of shape that caused him to wander into Dead Man's Alley or made it possible for him to be pushed in, he was a long way down the road. But there was that prayer: "Don't let me ever be too late again!"

Some of the albies allowed themselves to be brought into the Mission, then staggered out the front door onto the Bowery, maybe later to wind up again in the alley. That kind of thing can take the edge off a man's zeal and the starch out of a promise made even

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to God. But then some morning there would be a case that would give Ray more determination than ever—like the morning he made his unofficial rounds and found the gray-haired man. Ray at first thought he was dead. He lay there in the chill air, covered only by the trousers that had been ripped off him and then thrown back. Nearby lay his shirt, deliberately torn into shreds.

Then a foot moved. Had Ray imagined it? No, it moved again. Then Ray was shouting wildly for help, and two of the kitchen workers hurried out. "Call the police," Ray said. "Ambulance case. And help me get him inside." They bundled the man in blankets and the police took him off in their car when they saw they couldn't wait for the ambulance.

The pay-off? As Pastor Bolton says, "God keeps the books." Nobody knows what that kind of thing does for the person who is helped. Everybody knows that it does something important for the helper and the people who make the help possible.

And sooner or later, there's a Joe. It was cold on the Bowery that February night. When Ray Allen heard the noise, he flung on his clothes and made his way down the stairway and out into the darkness of Dead Man's Alley. It had been a mugging. Joe was lying on the cobblestones, blood soaking from the cut on his head where he had hit the ground when they had given him a final shove.

You can say it in the words of the Bible and you have the story exactly: "When he saw him, he had compassion on him. And went to him, and bound up his wounds . . . and took care of him." In the warmth of Bowery Mission, Joe came around. They gave him clothes—put a new suit on the man. And as the Mission people like to say, "God put a new man in the suit." It took a while. But Joe came around. They found him a job in a big hospital on Long Island. Joe slipped once or twice after that. But Joe was learning how to live. After all, babies fall down too, when they're learning to walk.

Now THE steel curtain is up. Ray can sleep. He doesn't have to listen for the crunch of a fist or the dull thud of a falling body. But now you know that the curtain wasn't put there just to give Ray sweet dreams and to freshen the air around Bowery Mission.

The Mission will put up a curtain every time it has a chance, to keep men out of trouble and to steer them home. And there's a nice symbolism in the fact that today, while the front of the Mission is on the Bowery, street of despair, the back is no longer on Dead Man's Alley, but Freeman. Freeing men is the Mission's business — and God's too. **THE END**

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- BACK TALK -

Scared Smokers

TO THE EDITORS:

"Smokers Are Getting Scared!" (Oct. '52) is the best and most complete discussion of this subject I have ever read. I congratulate you not only for the exposition of a disgusting and harmful American habit, but for the four courageous and practical suggestions as to what we can do about it.

Johnstown, Pa. EDITH M. WEAVER

... Just now I have a dear granddaughter who is getting confused over the cigarette question. I hope this article will help her make adjustments.

Wichita, Kans.

(Mrs.) HARVEY PORTER

... Voltaire said that coffee was a deadly poison "but very slow in its effects." I have that feeling about tobacco, food, walking, running, living and every other ordinary practice that leads us inevitably from the cradle to the grave. I am not otherwise impressed by Mr. Norr's commentaries.

Washington, D.C. FRANK C. WALDROP

... A fine and timely article. If we, as Christians, don't raise our voices against these evils, who is going to do it?

San Antonio, Texas R. R. MATTISON

... It is high time someone is awakening and I hope truly doing something against this terrible curse.

Penney Farms, Fla. MARY VIRGIE AVERY

... I was greatly disillusioned in this article. Is the goal of a Christian to be nothing more than to save his life? Is not the quality of greater importance than the duration? Smoking causes an individual to lose command of himself and sacrifice his freedom to an enslaving habit.

Lansing, Mich. FLOYD J. FOUGHT

... Why don't you have stickers printed with the caption, "Smokers Are Getting Scared"? I could use some on vending machines where I work.

Sharon, Mass. WALTER F. RITTINGER

... Have just finished reading the article. I think it is splendid. It is a real contribution and should do a great deal of good.

New Orleans, La.

(Dr.) ALTON OCHSNER

● Dr. Ochsner is former president of the American Cancer Society, now director of the Ochsner Clinic.

... I have read the article with a great deal of interest. I believe it is very timely and will do a great deal of good. Your facts are correct.

Washington, D.C.

(Dr.) PHILIP CAULFIELD

... The tremendous cigarette advertising appropriations are blinding the public to the dangers of the cigarette habit. The nation needs a spokesman on the other side and I congratulate you for assuming that unpopular role.

Cincinnati, O.

S. C. BAER

Presidential Abstinence

TO THE EDITORS:

In reply to Mr. Courier's item about Stuart Hamblen (Sept. '52), one thing is sure. Mr. Hamblen won't win unless Christian people get behind him. You say he isn't capable because of inexperience. But I would surely hate him to be experienced in the way some candidates are. I am 14 years old.

Lusk, Wyo.

CHESTER DALTON

● Hats off to crusading Chester—may his tribe increase! Courier's point: there are other qualifications for the Presidency besides abstinence (which is one admirable qualification).

About Time

TO THE EDITORS:

I appreciate the article on Halloween (Oct. '52). It's about time somebody thought up something decent to teach children rather than the awful begging and vandalism when a whole nation of kids are turned loose to beg and demand something or else take what they can get.

Tacoma, Wash. (Mrs.) C. A. LOVE

Sermon of the Month

TO THE EDITORS:

We haven't had such a sermon in a long time as Raymond Balcomb gave us (Sept. '52). Wish there might be more from his pen.

Bronxville, N.Y.

EMMA FISK

Contribution

TO THE EDITORS:

Replying to "Soul Saving" (Back Talk, Sept. '52) it seems to me that some very fine people have a narrow conception of evangelical Christianity. While the Bible is the one supreme Book for guidance, CHRISTIAN HERALD has and does make its proper contribution to spiritual growth.

Newberg, Ore. JUSTICE H. LANDRETH

Hansen's Disease

TO THE EDITORS:

In using the term "leper colony" Mrs. Dickson (Back Talk, Aug. '52) has perpetuated a word which was abolished by the International Congress on Hansen's

disease. People with Hansen's disease are at present over-burdened with the stigma resulting from the prejudices and superstitions surrounding the misnomer "leprosy." The phrases "untainted babies" and "saved from a terrible fate" will also serve to penalize more than they will help.

Carville, La.

T. H. RICHARDS

● Fact remains, that on Formosa, Lillian Dickson is carrying on a spectacular and almost singlehanded mission. By any name, the disease has tragic implications.

Ring Out the Tidings

TO THE EDITORS:

At Christmas all churches that have chimes or are equipped with recording systems should proclaim the birth of Christ by sounding out the glorious news over the city streets or country hills and dales. This noisy clamorous world needs music of this kind to remind us of our Heavenly Father.

Sharon, Mass. WALTER F. RITTINGER

Buck Passing

TO THE EDITORS:

In reply to Kelly James' letter (Back Talk, Oct. '52) most mothers would be happy to relegate the handling of their sons to the fathers. That would be much more sensible and sane than would be a CCC or UMT. But too many Dads shift the responsibility.

Escalaw, Calif.

(Mrs.) C. HACKETT

New Testament First

TO THE EDITORS:

In Bible editions I believe it would help greatly to put the New Testament first and the Old Testament second. Too many people start reading bravely but get bogged down on Hebrew history and ritualism and quit. The important thing is to learn about Christ, and his life and teachings should have first attention.

Raleigh, N.C.

CLARENCE POE

Back Pats

... Since you published our appeal for church postcards (Back Talk, Nov. '51) the primary children of Westminster Presbyterian Church have received hundreds of cards from kind CHRISTIAN HERALD readers.

Grand Rapids, Mich. DOROTHY WEHNER

... I must tell you how very much I enjoy the articles in CHRISTIAN HERALD. Thanks to the whole staff for doing such a superb job from month to month!

Ruffin, N.C.

(Miss) LOUISE SPARKS

... My copy of CHRISTIAN HERALD is almost worn out from being read by so many persons!

Rocky Mount, N.C.

Mrs. W. D. FOUNTAIN

... I enjoy the writings of Faith Baldwin, as well as everything else in the magazine. It is the only magazine I know of that is worthy reading for the whole family. I look forward to each issue, and pass them on to others.

Muskogee, Okla. (Mrs.) LUCILLE TATE

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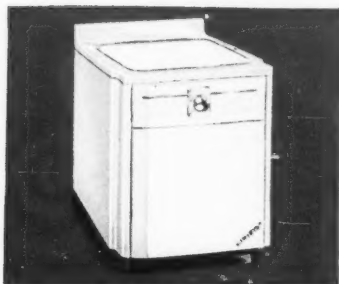
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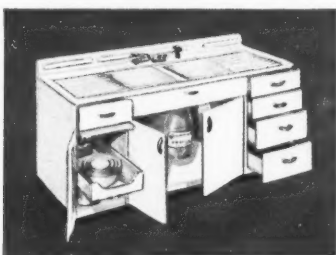
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the Plagues of Pharaoh!
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